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If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolves to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiassed truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless.—De Foe.

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

We mentioned, three weeks ago, certain suspicious preparations which the French Ministry were making in the camps of the Army of Versailles. Here is another detail, the authenticity of which is undisputed, and which has caused much talk in Paris. For a long time the military service at the doors of the Chamber of Deputies has been performed by the first regiment of Engineers, the Republican sentiments of which are well-known. During the discussion upon the dissolution in June, the regiment had been replaced by the gendarmes of Versailles. It appears that since that epoch of moral order, very little way has been made in indoctrinating the disaffected troops. Accordingly, it has been judged expedient to dismember the regiment, so that it should offer no resistance in the event of any *coup* being attempted. All the officers and soldiers have been distributed in small groups of half-Companies among the forts round Paris. This is the first time that such a measure has been adopted.

The divisions in the Italian Ministry, to which we lately referred, have come to a head. Signor Zanardelli, the Minister of Public Works, has resigned his portfolio, but whether his elimination will restore harmony to the Cabinet remains problematical. The reason given for the resignation was the unwillingness of Signor Zanardelli to accept the Government project for the purchase of the Italian railways by the State. The difference between the retired minister and his colleagues appears, however, to have been one of detail, not of principle; it was certain of the terms of the purchase, not the purchase itself, which Signor Zanardelli was unable to put his name to. On the meeting of Parliament, which has been adjourned from the 15th to the 22nd of the month, the whole question, principle, details and all, will be fully discussed. The Ministry, apart from its recent troubles, seems by no means firm on its legs. The Moderates in opposition continue to ask it in what respect its policy differs from that which they themselves pursued when in office, and a considerable fraction of the Ministerial party, and that not the least respectable, echoes the taunt with disagreeable emphasis. How parties will group themselves cannot be said till the Chamber meets. Whether there will be a defection from the Left to the Moderates, like that defection from the Moderates to the Left which brought about the fall of the Minghetti Ministry, remains to be seen. The Left has not made a brilliant use of its innings. The best thing that the Depretis' Ministry can claim to have done is the repression—it cannot be said the extinction—of brigandage and its cognate evils in Sicily. Brigandage, as we pointed out not long ago, is only one symptom of a complicated social disease from which that island suffers. However, the death or capture of each brigand is a step in advance, not only because one more pest is thereby got rid of, but still more because—which is of vital importance in Sicily—the *prestige* of the law is increased at the expense of the law-breakers. Signor Nicotera, the Minister of the Interior, certainly deserves credit for the energy he has shown in maintaining public order.

The Ottoman Embassy has been authorised to deny in the most formal and emphatic manner the truth of the report of a conspiracy, involving the ex-Sultan Murad, which has been propagated by the *Politische Correspondenz*. The only foundation for the statements of the *Politische Correspondenz* was the dismissal of some of the servants of the ex-Sultan who had been guilty of the lowest intrigues. This disposes of the matter in the sense expressed in another column.

The *Cologne Gazette* comments in the most contemptuous fashion on the utterances of Mr. Hardy at the Lord Mayor's banquet, and generally castigates England mercilessly for not helping the Turks—or rather for not fighting the Russians—which, from a German point of view, is by no means the same thing. In reference to Mr. Hardy's words, expressing a hope that if England should draw the sword it would not be drawn without sufficient cause, nor sheathed again without honour, the *Cologne Gazette* sarcastically remarks: "If England draw the sword? That would be a difficult matter, for it seems to have got so rusted in its scabbard as to remind one of James I., whom four men had to assist to accomplish that operation." Then our German contemporary falls foul of Sir Fitzroy Kelly, and says the British Lion can growl as usual, but the strength of his loins is gone! Then Bright and Gladstone are represented as weeping for peace, and a column is devoted to proving that Gladstone is in his dotage, and was never at any time any more than a puny whimperer when there was fighting going on anywhere. The article, headed "England and the War," closes with the words:—"The *Times*, Gladstone and Co., want peace at any price; but at every sentence of the *Times* we feel inclined to exclaim, in the words of the great dramatist—

> And hang a calf-skin round his recreant limbs."

The *Cologne Gazette* is quite right, only it might have expressed the matter in a more accurate form. We do not want war at any price, and certainly not to gratify German popular hatred of Russia. We do not want to gratify our own pet Russophobists in this direction, and assuredly not the German. Perhaps the *Cologne Gazette*

would like to hear the latest expression of French opinion on the matter as regards Germany:—

Oui, travailler pour le Czar des Russes
Invicte, puissant, parbleu! c'est beau;
Mais travailler pour le Czar des Russes
Battu, parbleu! cela équivaut
Travailler pour le Roi de Prusse!

Before the issue of the Queen's Proclamation of Neutrality, strong efforts were made from Germany to goad John Bull into war against Russia. Lord Beaconsfield's speech seems to have been the signal for a renewal of these efforts. We have quoted the *Cologne Gazette's* artfully-devised taunts; another attempt in the same interest is the letter signed "A." in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of Thursday, the writer of which, who has a personal as well as a national hatred of the Russians, plies "Great Britain" with fulsome flattery, and tries to show in detail how easy it would be for us at this moment to "make up our reckoning with Russia," and decide whether India is to be British or Russian. Very disinterested of these foreign gentlemen to be at such pains to show Englishmen their true interests! If we should at the same time pluck German chestnuts out of the fire, they may fairly claim this reward for their good advice. The *Pall Mall Gazette* might, however, have mentioned the nationality of its contributor—we cannot know our friends too well.

Mr. Gladstone made amends for his comparative silence in Ireland, and gave a striking proof of his energy, by delivering a speech at Holyhead immediately on his arrival after a rough passage, a moment when ordinary persons are glad to escape from the society of their fellow-men. It is a pity that one of the first-fruits of his visit to Ireland should be an intensified advocacy of the Sunday Closing Bill. "The great mass," he said, "of the people of Ireland, the great mass of the clergy of the Disestablished Church and the Presbyterian clergy, a very large proportion of the Roman Catholic clergy, municipalities of the country, 1,200 or 1,400 of the magistrates of the country, a large majority of the people, and, I am bound to add, I believe a very considerable number of the publicans themselves in Ireland, have petitioned Parliament, and pressed Parliament again and again to pass an Act for the total closing of public-houses on Sunday. Now, I ask you whether that does not do credit to the people of Ireland?" Zeal for temperance, no doubt, is a great credit to any people, but we are not sure that we share Mr. Gladstone's opinion that it is "a great act of virtue, a great act of self-denial, and an eminently Christian act on the part of those people that they should be ready to part absolutely and by law with the power—for it comes to that, inasmuch as the public-house is the only means which they practically have for refreshment and indulgence—that they should be willing and ready to part with that means of indulgence absolutely on the Lord's Day." Certainly the virtue is very much diminished when it assumes the form of a willingness to deprive other people of the means of "indulgence," which we take to be a more accurate interpretation of this Sunday Closing proposal.

The political speeches at Bristol on Colston's Day were not so brilliant as usual. The great man at the Liberal dinner was Mr. W. E. Forster, who made a vigorous and sensible speech, criticising Lord Beaconsfield's last effort, making shrewd observations on the views of Mr. Lowe and Mr. Goschen regarding the County Franchise, paying a generous compliment to Lord Hartington's leadership, but saying nothing particularly memorable. The great man at the Conservative dinner was Mr. Stephen Cave, who rolled out some well-sounding periods about transcendantalists and enthusiasts, and the support of the Government policy by all independent men, spoke of May as "the merry month of May," quoted Virgil and the author of 'Hudibras,' and raised much laughter by speaking of the *Morning Star* as "at that time a powerful journal—since defunct." It certainly is a curious circumstance that the Government should be represented on such an occasion by Mr. Cave. Does it mean disrespect to the Dolphin Society, or is it that Lord Beaconsfield has silenced his more eminent colleagues, and is for the moment, so to speak, "cock of the walk?"

Seven hundred masons received 600*l.* strike pay last Saturday. Adding the expenditure on Americans, Germans, and Italians sent home, the total for the week amounted to 900*l.* But the provincial unions have been, and still are, coming to the rescue, so that the London masons are quite prepared to fight, not only for another sixteen, but any number of, weeks. At any rate, their secretary has warned the masters' secretary that their funds are "illimitable" and their cause just. The suggestion of a conference is the only sign of intelligence and common sense discoverable throughout the whole course of this most stupid and in many respects most ridiculous of trade disputes. We only wish the combatants showed a second sign by acting upon the suggestion. But, unhappily, the masters have set a wretched example to all employers in the country, and forfeited whatever little of public sympathy they may have gained by declining the men's offer point-blank. The masters' funds are also illimitable, and help is promised from the district associations. The masters believe they have carried the day, and on the whole there is some reason to think that they have. One result of the strike has been to start the question of machine labour, which is scarcely known in London.

The Clyde shipbuilders somewhat reversed the order of things. Unlike the masons, they put arbitration before fighting, though, as in their case, the proposal was declined. The master masons may plead the excuse of long provocation, but the Clyde employers had no such defence. They must be held mainly responsible, not only for the miseries caused by the strike, but for the risk which the Clyde industry has undergone of sustaining a great and permanent injury. Nor is this conclusion invalidated by Lord Moncrieff's award in their favour, for there is no reason whatever to doubt that the operatives would have given in at the very beginning if only the employers—who knew the real condition of the trade—had condescended to friendly argument and explanation. The masters behaved more barbarously in the plenitude of their knowledge than the men in that of their ignorance. The question was simply, Whether the condition of trade warranted the higher pay of 1874 or the lower one of 1872? The men demanded the better rate, on the ground that the local demand for labour was brisk. But the explanation is, that the employers, simply for the sake of maintaining their custom, are doing business on the very barest margin of profit. As the Clyde trade benefitted by the great demand consequent on the opening of the Suez Canal (to quote one factor in the case), so it now suffers from the general depression that has prevailed for the last three or four years.

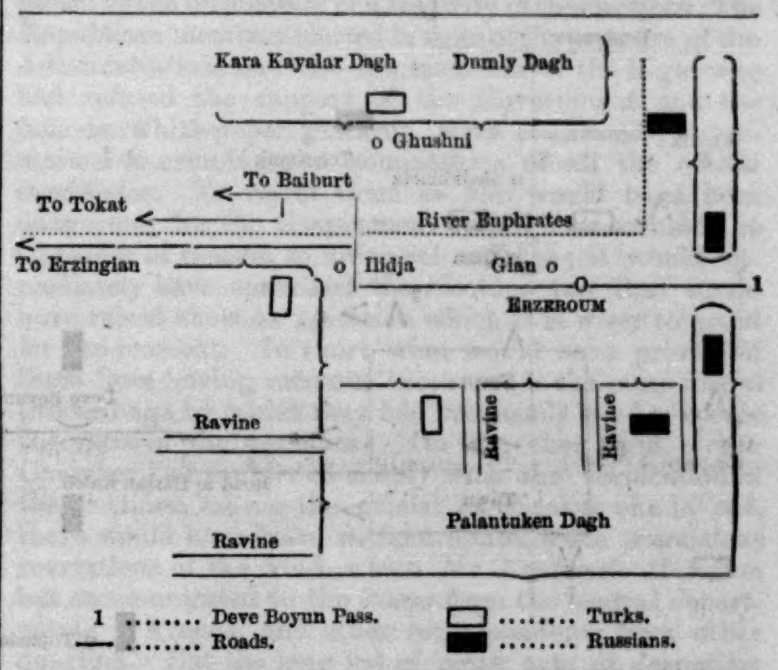
The case of Coote *v.* Kenealy, which has just been tried in the Common Pleas Division, is a good instance of what cross-examination to credit is coming to. The action was as simple and definite a one as was ever brought into a court of justice. The plaintiff's claim was for services rendered by him as solicitor to the defendant, and the only defence was an alleged agreement between the parties, the existence of which the jury have negatived by their verdict, that Mr. Coote should only charge his costs out of pocket. This being the only question before the Court, Dr. Kenealy, who defended himself with considerable ability, was permitted, with a faint remonstrance from Lord Coleridge, to ask the plaintiff whether he had not on a certain

occasion gone to Norwich in the company of two prostitutes. A photograph representing the three was, we believe, not admitted; but so agreeable and relevant an inquiry naturally led Mr. Willis, who appeared for Mr. Coote, to cross-examine Dr. Kenealy as to certain articles in the *Englishman*, containing the familiar comparison of the Lord Chief Justice with Jeffreys, Mr. Justice Mellor with Scroggs, and so on. It is not to be wondered at that the public refused to treat this "as an ordinary case," and that the Court had to be cleared. Sir Galahad would have had a bad time of it if Vivien had been allowed to ask him questions "going to his credit."

THE WAR IN ARMENIA.

The accounts received from the seat of war in Western Armenia have hitherto been somewhat at variance with what, according to a good authority, we were led to expect would be the course of events. On one point there is a contradiction, which will no doubt be eagerly seized upon by those critics who fancy that concealing or ignoring a fact is equivalent to annihilating it. We stated last week that Mukhtar Pasha—Ghazi Mukhtar—had, according to all accounts, occupied those positions west of Erzeroum which would secure his communications with Trebizonde and Erzingian. And we also stated that Erzeroum was by no means the final object of the campaign, and not likely to detain the Russians for any great length of time. Yet a day or two afterwards, the news came that Mukhtar Pasha was still holding Erzeroum, and had frustrated an attempt of the enemy to carry the place by a *coup-de-main*. So general was this news, so confirmed on all sides, that it was impossible to resist the conclusion that our intelligence was thoroughly correct, and that the news from Constantinople had been disseminated for a set purpose. Had there been any signs of disagreement on the subject, or any conflict in the news, it might have been doubtful whether, in the confusion and the bewilderment of defeat and retreat, Mukhtar Pasha might not have committed the grave error of imitating Osman Pasha at Plevna, and have shut himself up where he would speedily have fallen. But the intelligence was too unanimous. It was overdone. It was far too opposed to the most ordinary common sense to be believed in for a moment. South, east, and north-east, Erzeroum is commanded by high hills. These hills are occupied by the Russians. West of the town the high-road runs through the swampy plain of the Euphrates for about eight miles to Ilidja, where the mountains on either side of the river approach and compress it into a narrow valley. These hills are a continuation of the heights occupied by the Russians. By following the course of these heights, the Russians would have been enabled to secure Ilidja, and thus obtain possession of the pass which commands the junction of the three roads to Baiburt and Trebizonde to Erzingian and Tokat. By this operation, Mukhtar Pasha would have been effectually shut up in Erzeroum with scarcely 20,000 to pit against the 40,000 to 50,000—including the force which advanced from Ardahan on the north—at the disposal of the Grand Duke Michael. It was, therefore, highly improbable that Mukhtar Pasha should have determined to hold Erzeroum for any length of time. The reports to that effect were no doubt promulgated with the intention of deceiving the Russian commanders, and to prevent them from rapidly extending their lines.

Now the simple matter of fact is that the defeat of the Turks in the action on the Deve Boyun on the 4th inst., resulting in the loss of thirty-six cannon, was scarcely less disastrous than the defeat before Kars. A complete panic, with the consequent losses, took place, and was not allayed till the fortifications round Erzeroum inspired the fugitives with a certain sense of safety. Everything was in the most fearful confusion. The only person who kept his senses at all about him was Sir Arnold Kemball. Now, regarding Sir Arnold Kemball a story has obtained currency, which, true or untrue, will be regarded by the Russians as correct in proportion to the confirmation it may apparently receive from subsequent events. It is said that Sir Arnold Kemball, seeing the disastrous result of the engagement, rode off in all haste to Baiburt to inform the commander of the troops coming up from Trebizonde of what had occurred, to assist in the disposition of the troops around Balimpatek and at Baiburt, and to prevent them from going on to Erzeroum and running the risk of being shut up there with the rest of the troops. By this movement, due to Sir Arnold or not, and which tallies exactly with our own information, that the positions in question had been occupied, Mukhtar Pasha's rear was secured for the time being, inasmuch that the Russians were not in sufficient force to warrant their surrounding Erzeroum with twenty battalions of the enemy menacing their rear. Such is the pith of the situation. Erzeroum is held by a portion of Mukhtar Pasha's forces, the rest are at Ilidja and Ghushni, whilst the reinforcements from Trebizonde have been placed in positions which enable them to bar the enemy's advance further west, and prevent him from descending into the plain west and north of Erzeroum until he has gained the heights which command it—that is to say, the spurs of the Palantuken Dagh up to Ilidja, and of the Dumly Dagh and Kara Kayalar Dagh up to Ghushni. A glance at the annexed sketch shows

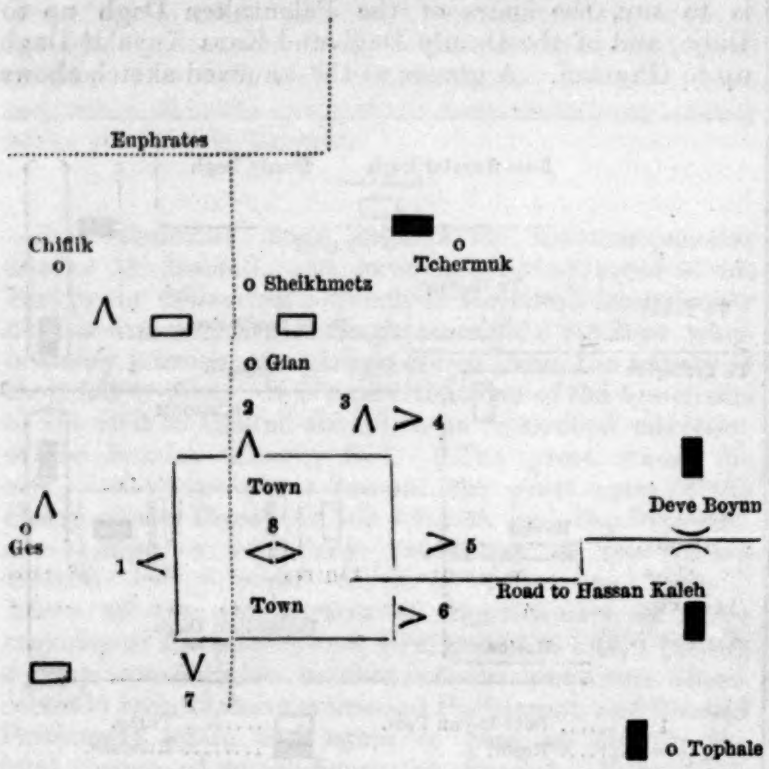


the situation at once. In the immediate rear of Erzeroum, only three miles distant, there is the Deve Boyun Pass, through which runs the road to Hassan Kaleh, and which is occupied by General Heimann. In the south there is the Palantuken Dagh, which falls by a series of terraces, traversed by numerous ravines and mountain streams, towards the town and the valley of the Euphrates. Here, due south, occupying a position between two of these ravines, are the troops of General Tergukassoff. On the other side of the western ravine there is a Turkish detachment, which is supported further east by another and larger body of troops posted on the heights above Ilidja, and the artillery of which commands the junction of the three roads from Trebizonde, Tokat, and Erzingian, just before the bridge over the Euphrates. North of this position, the Turks hold another at Ghushni, on the slopes of the Kara Kayalar Dagh. Between these hills in the north and those in the south and east extends the plain of Erzeroum, through which runs the Euphrates, and converts the ground on either side into a swamp, which, at most times of the year, can only be traversed by the two roads leading from Erzeroum through the villages of Gian, and of Karars, which is north of the Euphrates, to Ghushni. Finally, in the north, guarding the road to Batoum and Ardahan, there is the column of Russians commanded by General Kamaroff, which, be it noted, has not been united with the rest of the troops, nor does it appear that it was intended that they should unite, but that General Kamaroff should push along the northern slopes

of the valley, and secure the command of the roads leading from the west to Erzeroum.

Defence and attack are thus clearly prescribed by the natural features of the field. In no case, perhaps, could they be more stringently laid down. A wide, straggling town, commanded east and south by high hills, protected in the west and north by a belt of swampy ground, stretching for about eight miles in either direction, Erzeroum would require for its investment a far larger body of troops than the Russians dispose of. A line of investment to be effectual would have to stretch over more than forty miles. Hence, as an attack from the west, where the town is quite open, with the exception of one redoubt, would be impossible as long as there are sufficient troops in the rear at Ilidja or Baiburt, it can only be taken from the east, south, or north, and it is just in these directions that the defences—redoubts and bastions—have been erected, as will be seen from the annexed sketch. In the north, barring the roads from Gian, Sheikhmetz and Suk-Tchermuk, there are three works —Kavak Tabia, Nishan Tabia, and Medjidieh Tabia.

PLAN OF ERZEROUM AND FORTS.



1 ..... Djahabane Tabia.
2 ..... Kavak Tabia.
3 ..... Nishan Tabia.
4 ..... Medjidieh Tabia.
5 ..... Azizieh Tabia.
6 ..... Ahali Tabia.
7 ..... Keremen Tabia.
8 ..... Citadel.
..... Russians.
..... Turks.

In the east on either side of the road which comes winding down from the Deve Boyun and commanding it for a considerable distance are the Azizieh and Ahali Tabias. These are flanked in the south by some other works—all open—which are not shown in the sketch—situated on the terraces of the Palantuken Dagh. In the south-west, where the stream which traverses Erzeroum enters the town, there is the Kcremen Tabia; and in the west, commanding the road from Trebizonde and Erzingian, the Djahabane Tabia. Nearly in the centre of the town stands the citadel, the whole being surrounded by an old wall, dating from the days of the Genoese occupation, where it has not been patched up by the Turks.

The course of the combat on the 9th can be clearly followed when bearing this situation in mind. An attack from the north was not advisable, as General Kamaroff had other objects to attend to, and would thus have necessitated a change of front on the part of Generals Heimann and Tergukassoff which could not be thought of. The attack, therefore, had to be conducted on the east and south against the Azizieh and Ahali redoubts. A detachment was sent by General Heimann to advance against the Azizieh redoubt, and another by General Tergukassoff against the Ahali position. But owing either to one of the columns losing its way, as the Russians say, or to the determined defence of the Turks, the attack was unsuccessful. The course of the action was really very simple. The eastern column successfully attacked the Azizieh redoubt, occupied it, and made a number of prisoners, but the southern column—which, if any column lost its way, must have been that one—failed to carry the Ahali position which, flanking the Azizieh, rendered it untenable for the Russians, who, therefore, withdrew at dawn in the presence of the reinforcements which had been hurried up, and which followed the retreating Russians till they were thrown back by the main forces on the Deve Boyun. In so far, therefore, the Turks may justly claim a victory. The repulse was no doubt due to the failure of the southern column to carry out its share of the operations. Possibly it lost its way; but it is much more likely that, flushed with their success on the Deve Boyun, the Russians imagined that the Turks were so demoralised that a handful of troops would suffice to carry the town, force Mukhtar Pasha to retreat, and enable them to drive him before them and clear the whole plain of his forces. But they were mistaken. Mukhtar Pasha knew perfectly well that the Russians had not the men to invest the town completely, or cut off his retreat to Ilidja, and that for some time to come his line of march westward would be secure. He would therefore naturally throw as many impediments in the way of the Russians as he could without compromising himself. At any time, supposing the Russians attack in force from the east, south, or immediately north of Erzeroum, he can fall back on the positions he has prepared in the west. By this means he gains time for "something to turn up."

Whether anything will turn up remains to be seen. It is not at all likely that the Russians will sacrifice any considerable number of men to gain Erzeroum. That is not their object. Their object is the destruction of Mukhtar Pasha's army. They will therefore, in all probability, limit their exertions to obtaining a commanding position north of the roads leading to Erzeroum from the west, and await the arrival of the reinforcements, till they are within easy striking distance, yet far enough from Erzeroum to prevent Mukhtar Pasha from coming to their assistance at the risk of the Russians moving forward and taking the town in his absence.

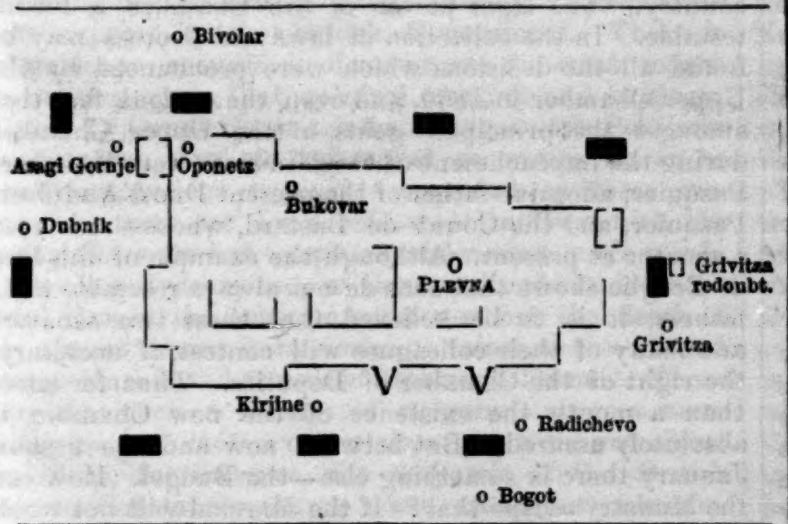
Under these circumstances, the possession of Batoum becomes a matter of vital importance for the Russians. The despatch of Turkish reinforcements in sufficient number to this place, as well as Trebizonde, would place the Russians between three fires. And as General Oklobschio, who is blockading Batoum with the Rion corps, seems quite to have met his match in Dervish Pasha, and has hitherto only distinguished himself by failure, it would be well if he were replaced by some other general, or, if he has not enough men at his disposal, reinforced to the number necessary. It is also quite possible that the Turkish reinforcements for Mukhtar Pasha may be disembarked at Tripoli or Samsun, and take the far longer but perfectly secure road *viâ* Erzingian.

All in all, whilst fully appreciating the reasons that prevented General Heimann from carrying Erzeroum at a rush, the fact that it was not done must be regarded as a grave fault, due, in all probability, to the insufficiency of men, stores, and ammunition at his disposal. This absolves him from blame, but it does not absolve the supreme command.

THE WAR IN BULGARIA.

In Bulgaria the lines around Plevna have been drawn much closer by the success of General Skobeleff in securing the position on the Green Hills in front of Kirjine, whereby the road to Lovtcha is effectually closed, and the apparently almost simultaneous attacks of the Roumanians in the north, where they carried the heights in front of Bivolar, and established batteries there which command the positions at Oponetz, and flank those at Bukovar. These operations have convinced Osman

Pasha apparently that, unless relief speedily comes, he must endeavour to force the Russian lines, or be prepared to capitulate as soon as his provisions are exhausted. According to Russian views, he appears to be contemplating a sortie; and, as we pointed out last week, in contradiction to most other critics, not by the Orkhanieh or Widdin roads, nor by the direct Lovtcha road, as the latest accounts assert, but by the cross-road east of Kirjine and Brestovitz. This explains the desperate attempts of the Turks to repossess themselves of the works on the Green Hills near Kirjine, which command this cross-road Osman Pasha contemplated breaking out by, and which, in consequence no doubt of such an intention having been suspected, had been as determinedly assailed by General Skobeleff. The Turks themselves are fully alive to the gravity of the situation, and are at last taking measures to soften or avert the blow which will place the whole of Bulgaria west of the Lom at the mercy of the Russians. But in all probability their exertions will be too late to prevent the catastrophe. A perfect panic seems to have seized them. At the very last moment they want to carry out measures that ought to have been adopted, if possible, long ago. If they were not possible, so much the worse for them. The command of the forces at Rasgrad has been transferred to Azli Pasha; Suleiman Pasha succeeds Raouf Pasha in the command of the Roumelian armies; Chakir Pasha has assumed the command of the Schibka forces; whilst Chevket Pasha has been succeeded by Mehemet Ali, who has arrived at Sophia, where a new army is to be formed by fresh levies and the troops and recruits from Bosnia, which is to be left to take care of itself. Troops are being hurried hither and thither; the confusion is apparent from every item of intelligence that reaches us. Pseudo-conspiracies in Stamboul, with a real one looming menacingly on the horizon, the Montenegrins attacking Podgoritza and bombarding



Antivari, the Roumanians battering at the outworks of Widdin, the Servian army concentrated on the Bulgarian frontier, and the Greek army on the confines of Thessaly—all this makes the prospect of the Porte gloomier than ever it appeared.

The despatch of Mehemet Ali to Sophia was dictated by the danger threatening the position of the Turks south of the Balkans. All signs point to an intention of the Russians to make a determined advance all along the line west of the Lom. They consider Plevna practically disposed of, and are now taking their measures to overwhelm the forces under Raouf Pasha at the Schibka, and to secure all the Balkan passes to the west up to the Servian frontier. The possession of Teteven and Vratza gives them the command of the Edropol pass, and promises to give them the control of the Orkhanieh pass, whilst their advance to Berkovtcha, if corroborated, gives them command of the best pass over the Balkans, and the direct road from Lom Palanka to Sophia and Pirot, as will be seen from the sketch which we published June 2. Whether Mehemet Ali will be able to check the Russian advance in this direction is doubtful. He would certainly not be in a position to do so if the Servians advance and join hands with General Horvatovich. But it is certain that if the Servians intend to take any part in the war at all, it will be now, as soon as the fall of Plevna gives the signal for a general advance.

THE COMMITTEE OF 33.

(From a French Contributor.)

The battle is begun between the Chamber of Deputies and the Government at Versailles. All those interested in the crisis have read in the daily press the detailed reports of the debate with which the Chamber has opened the campaign. We cannot undertake to reproduce here the incidents of the troubled sittings which have been held this week; but we shall attempt to explain the reasons why the Lower Chamber has taken the offensive, and the results that seem likely to unfold themselves.

The manner in which the resolution for an enquiry into the abuses of the Government during the electoral period has been presented to the Chamber, the name of the Deputy who has been chosen by the Left to raise the question, those of the orators who have spoken against the Ministry—all this has been calculated to act strongly upon public opinion, and in particular upon the undecided fraction of the Senate. On Monday, as we had anticipated last week, the constitution of the Chamber was completed by the verification of a majority of the elections. The Republican members elected in spite of the pressure of the Administration, and the few members of the Right who had refused the support of the Government and the famous white-paper placards, were confirmed; it remained to examine the nominations of all the official candidates. To reject them *en bloc* would have been dangerous, for the Government would have accused the Chamber of treason to universal suffrage; it would immediately have convoked the electors, and that would have raised anew an agitation which it is wiser to avoid for the moment. In short, what would have prevented them from having recourse once more to the same illegal proceedings by which they had previously tried to coerce the votes of the peasants? On the other hand, if the Chamber had proceeded simply with the verification of the elections, taking the official candidates one by one, there would have been, without doubt, some scandalous revelations of the kind which Mr. Frederick Harrison has communicated to the *Times* from the central departments of France, and other correspondents from other quarters. But the long list of petty acts of despotism would have ended by wearying the reader, and besides time would have failed for the task. It was important, then, while not taking the extreme measure of sending back to the constituencies all the candidates of the Government, as was demanded by certain journals even of moderate politics (such, for example, as the *France*), to nevertheless expose clearly and strikingly what had been done by the Government of May 16. It was important to fix the responsibility for the excesses of the Government not only on the *protégés* of the Ministers but on the Ministers themselves and their most compromised agents. To attain this end a simple interpellation would have been enough if France had been enjoying a truly Parliamentary Government. But this classic method of dismissing offending Ministers is unfortunately out of the question. What is to be done with men who say "We do not possess your confidence; so be it, but neither do you possess ours, and as long as the Marshal is with us we will stay and manage your affairs without you, against you, and in spite of you." It is impossible to argue with obstinate men who shut their ears. It is necessary to address others, to throw light upon what they have done, to open, if possible, the eyes of the *Irresponsable malgré lui* who sits in the Elysée, and terrify the constitutionalists of the Senate by showing them what have been the consequences of this dissolution which they voted for, as Colonel d'Andlau has revealed much against the grain.

M. Albert Grévy, the brother of the President of the Chamber, is the introducer of the motion, and this choice is significant. M. Jules Grévy is, as everyone knows,

the intended successor to the Marshal. He represents the Chamber of Deputies with a dignity and self-possession which make him a model speaker. As it is contrary to Parliamentary usages that he should himself take the initiative in an attack on the Government, his brother has been charged with this duty. Let us say in passing that there is a third member of this family, who is a general of Artillery, whose opinions are as moderate but also as firm as those of his brothers, and who is greatly beloved by his officers. It has been noticed, without doubt, that the three orators of the Left who have spoken are precisely those who spoke in the month of June to sustain the vote of want of confidence in the Ministry—that famous vote which gave birth to the coalition of the 363. The three most numerous groups of the Republican majority—Left Centre, Republican Left, and Republican Union—alone have spoken. The extreme Left has not spoken. M. Louis Blanc could, without doubt, have appeared at the tribune to present the opinions of the party which he represented on June 19, but he has preferred not to lengthen the debate; and as no orator of the Left should speak after M. Gambetta, the discussion has been closed. M. Léon Renault, who has been much talked of as Minister of the Interior, had, above all, the *rôle* of protesting against the calumnies with which the Government has pursued the most moderate members of the Liberal party during the electoral period. He himself was one of those most injured by the official journals, which the Government had placarded upon all the walls of France; he supported many actions initiated by the victims of these calumnies against the printer and the editor of the journals, the *Bulletin des Communes*, and the Minister himself. M. Jules Ferry, in his discourses of the month of June, had warned beforehand the agents of the Government that the Chamber held them responsible for the breaches of power which they committed, and that it would call them to account on its return. He was charged to prove that this promise would be kept. Unfortunately this orator was not able to keep himself rigorously within the limits of his argument; he made many useless digressions, and perhaps did not properly develop the more interesting ideas—he might have shown better what the laws of the elections were, and how they had been violated by the Ministry and its agents in the provinces. As for M. Gambetta's interference in the skirmish in spite of his weariness, its significance may be understood.

The practical consequences of the resolution voted by the Chamber have now to be considered. The agents and the friends of the Government pretend that the Deputies have not the power to force the electors, the prefects, and official *employés* to give evidence before the Commission of Inquiry regarding the deeds they have committed, by which the Deputies have suffered. Doubtless if the crisis were to be prolonged, some of the prefects would refuse to answer to the summons sent to them by the Commission of Inquiry. But, it must be remembered, that Commissions were formed after the war, to inquire into the causes of the disasters of France, to verify contracts, and lay bare the plots which led to the insurrection of the Commune. The powers of these Parliamentary bodies were the same as those of the 33 at present. They met with no resistance. The lowest as well as the highest appeared before the Commissioners. Thiers himself, who was the President of the Republic; Marshal Lebœuf, who was so compromised by his false declaration that France was absolutely ready for war, all came to give evidence. If we go still further back we find that in 1828, after the elections which upset M. de Villéle, the friend of the Jesuits, a commission of inquiry was also ordered by the Chamber of Deputies which met with no resistance whatever. Consequently it is probable that the case will be the same at present. Besides, the facts which have already been collected by the Committee of the Left in the Senate are already so numerous and so crushing that the new Commission of the 33 can do but little more to throw fresh light on the excesses which distinguished the elections. Again, it must not be forgotten that the Chamber would not suffer the Ministry to defy its legitimate authority. In asking the Senate to decree the dissolution, the Government based its arguments on the necessity of making the country the arbitrator in the dispute between the Liberals and the Conservatives. The decree has been pronounced. The Deputies who have been elected by the provinces have returned to Versailles outraged and indignant at the unheard-of manœuvres that have been used against them. The arrogant attitude of the Minister since the opening of the Session has exasperated them; the inexplicable *rôle* which the Marshal has played forces everybody to stand upon his rights. Finally, it has been said that proper energy must be developed to detach the group of Constitutionalists from the Liberal ranks. The timid and hesitating will side with the party of force. The election of the life-senators, of which the results were known in advance, has but confirmed the Republican majority in its determination. The Commission of Inquiry will, therefore, be held, and if the Ministers resist, or try to evade the attack by demanding a fresh dissolution, the Chamber will immediately request the Senate to impeach the Ministry. This hardy measure would result in sending all demands for dissolution to the Greek Kalends, or, at any rate, to the Kalends of next January. According to the Constitution of 1875, as well as according to the precedent of the impeachment of the Polignac Ministry of 1830, the Government must be judged by the Upper Chamber but impeached by the Lower, which has not to carry out the functions of what is called in France the Public Ministry. It is the Lower Chamber which has to examine the accused, to arrest them if necessary, and to uphold before the Upper Chamber the complaints of the nation. But in order to fulfil this duty there must be a Chamber, and this fact alone renders it impossible to send the Deputies for a second time to the country. The legal power of the Chamber is incontestable. In the collection of laws and decrees may be found all the decisions which were pronounced by the Upper Chamber in 1830, and even the curious fact that amongst the principal agents of the Upper Chamber during the impeachment of the Ministers were M. le Duc Pasquier, adoptive father of the present Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier, and the Count de Bastard, whose son is also a senator at present. Although the example of the Duc de Broglie shows that sons do not always resemble their fathers, it is to be believed that these two senators and many of their colleagues will contest, if necessary, the right of the Chamber of Deputies. Thus for more than a month the existence of the new Chamber is absolutely assured. But between now and the first of January there is something else—the Budget. How can the Ministry escape that? If the Marshal will not yield, how can he conquer? Nothing remains to him but the *coup d'état*. Will he try it?

THE "CONSPIRACY" AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

There never was a war ushered in and prosecuted under so many rumours of peace as the present one. So persistent, so deliberately set afloat, were these rumours, that a large majority refused to believe in the imminence of war till it had actually broken out. The only people who were not deceived were the combatants, and the few who knew what tremendous issues were at stake, and to what a pitch the tension between the conflicting elements had been wrought. But those few who knew that the impending war was not a dynastic struggle, nor a war of ambition, nor a war for some national crotchet, also knew that the conflict would be waged with passions as intense as those which animated the leaders of the French Revolution on the one hand, and with the despair of a powerful caste, menaced in its very existence, on the other. All the factors for a ruthless struggle, equal to the bloodiest drama history can record, were involved. Liberty, race, religion, and property were at stake on either side as far as the Porte and its subjects were concerned, and all was intensified

by the traditional hatred, dictated by ambition or by sympathy—one as powerful a motive as the other—between the Porte and the Russian nation. And as though these elements of strife were not enough, foreign interests entered into the struggle, which—short of actual war—were advanced or defended with scarcely less bitterness and animosity. On all sides, east, west, north, and south, the sword is ready to leap from the scabbard at the signal which may be given by a certain course of events on the Danube.

In the west, the troubled state of France; in the south, the agitation of Austria and the ambition—a justifiable ambition—of Italy; in the north, the alarm and critical position of Germany may at any moment burst forth into action in consequence of the exigencies of either combatant. Yet in the midst of all this, whilst thousands of human beings are being immolated, bland diplomatists and plausible pseudo-diplomatists are still talking, as they have been talking since last November, of impending peace and mediation. Such lucubrations show a feeble appreciation of the actual state of things. In the first place, who is to mediate? Mediation is practically synonymous with arbitration; and as the essential quality of an arbitrator is disinterestedness, it is difficult to see which single one of the great Powers as at present constituted can assume the position or prevent the war being waged to the end on its own merits. Hence the conclusion is inevitable, that these rumours of peace only cover some hidden object. And it equally follows, taking the whole situation into account, that such object can only be the furtherance of some particular interest.

The question then is, what is this particular interest that will not bear the light of day—the scrutiny of the general public? There can be no hesitation whatever in saying that the particular interest in question is an Austrian question which becomes all the more interesting to the British public at large in proportion to its support by the British Government. There is not evidence enough to demonstrate to what extent this support goes; but political instinct and analogy, assisted by Count Beust's valuable organ, the *Politische Correspondenz*, lead to inferences so strong as to be morally equivalent to facts, supported as these presumptive facts are by a *mise-en-scène*, in which the scene-shifters are but too plainly delineated. We allude to the alleged conspiracy at Constantinople to dethrone Abdul Hamid, the sensitive mimosa whom the death of a fly almost throws in hysterics, to reinstate the alleged lunatic Murad, and to poison Mahmoud Damat. There never was such a farrago of nonsense, never a more clumsy *coup de théâtre* undertaken with a serious object—such as, for instance, the despatch of the British fleet to Constantinople, or some analogous measure. It could only have been intended to impose upon people who know nothing of the crooked ways of Stamboul, and are totally ignorant of the character of the Turks and the intrigues of the Palace in whose hands they are moulded. Murad was deposed because he showed signs of yielding to the peace party, and did not defy Russia to the utmost. Abdul Hamid was elected because it was thought that he would prove an energetic defender of the Faith; whilst Mahmoud Damat has been generally suspected of entertaining relations with Russia, and hankering after peace to suit his own purposes. How does all this fit together? If the "conspiracy" emanated from the war party, how could Murad, the peace supporter, have been chosen to succeed Abdul Hamid? If it emanated from the peace party, how is it that an attempt should have been made on the life of Mahmoud Damat, who forwards their views?

The inference is inevitable. The successes of the Russians have caused consternation in the ranks of those interested in the continuation—modified here and there, it may be—of the *status quo ante*. On the plea of impending disturbances at Constantinople, it was desired to procure the despatch of the fleet, or interference of some sort, to Constantinople.

At the same time, it must be acknowledged that the propagators of these rumours of peace, mediation, and conspiracies had a certain basis to build upon, and that the *mise-en-scène* of the "conspiracy" was undertaken with the object of averting a real danger which threatens the real conspirators. The key of the situation is contained in Lord Beaconsfield's utterances regarding the vitality of Turkey. There is in truth a tremendous vitality in the country, as the desperate resistance which is taxing the power of Russia so severely has amply demonstrated. But it is not the real vitality, the vitality of the people to which Lord Beaconsfield alludes, and of which he thinks. It is the vitality of the Government he has in his mind—a vitality which is as doomed as the vitality of the people is assured. It is the fear of this catastrophe which drives the supporters of the system to desperation and to such a pass that they organise such artificial conspiracies as the last to anticipate the real movement that is in progress, and to avert the impending storm by securing extraneous assistance before it is too late. The plain truth is, that increased communication with the rest of Europe, and especially the events of the last ten years, have opened the eyes of the Turks as well as of the Christians to the true character of their rulers. At the same time, the opposition, which meets Ultramontanism in the rest of Europe, has also begun to manifest itself in European Turkey. It is true that the Ultramontanism of the Turk differs in its detail from that of the Catholic, but the end and result are the same. In Turkey, Ultramontanism is not a matter of dogma, but solely of property. Whilst the Catholic clergy possess an immense lever in the acceptance of various dogmas by their flock, and are the sole exponents and depositaries of the Divine Will, the Turk, in all matters of faith and belief, is his own priest. What the Bible is still supposed to be to the Church of England, the foundation of the National Belief—open to all—the Koran is to the Turk. He requires no expounder on matters of faith. The Koran speaks in plain language, clearly, unmistakably. But, unfortunately, the Koran, as condensed in the *Multeka*, also forms the code of Mahometan law. This is where the abuses creep in. The priest is not only the judge in matters spiritual, but also in matters temporal—he is not only the inculcator, he is also the administrator of justice. But whilst the Koran, speaking plainly as to articles of faith, enables the Turk to control the priest, its legal utterances are by no means so clear; they are open to various interpretations, especially when read by the light of former fetvahs—which correspond precisely to our own "precedents." Consequently, the Turk is unable to control the lawyer and the judge as he can control the priest. The lawyer has no difficulty in interpreting the more oracular law of the Koran, so as to bring the clearly expressed article of faith to bear upon it. Hence it is not uncommon for two fetvahs touching the same point of law to express diametrically opposite opinions, just as two rival barristers may give opposite opinions regarding the same case. The only difference is that in England the decision rests with the judge, who goes by strictly defined law, or as strictly defined precedent, whilst in Turkey the decision rests with another barrister who, in a very great number of cases—the majority, it may be said—decides according to his fee. This method of dispensing justice may have answered very well in former days, when the Turkish Empire was a congeries of local administrations, and the cases for decision related only to the daily life of the Oriental. But when all these local administrations were gathered together and centralised at Constantinople, and local interests had to yield to Imperial exigencies, the system broke down completely, and lapsed more and more into confusion, the greater the corruption became, and the more various treaties and the consular stipulations brought the Roman law of Western nations into contact and conflict with the Koranical code. The difficulties thus arising were exploited to the utmost by the Fanariotes to their own advantage, till at last—it is no exaggeration to say it—

almost every appointment to Kadiships and Muftiships was made and sold by them. But priest and judge being practically identical, and drawn from the same class, the strange anomaly arose of the Moslem Church—the very Beit-ul-Islam, the House of the Faith—falling under the control of unbelieving speculators and peculators. By what means this was effected it is unnecessary to enter into. Suffice it to say, that they are well known to all the foreign officials in Turkey, from the lowest consul to the ambassador.

But having thus gained the priest through the lawyer, the Fanariote also gained the control of the Vakouf—that is, of the vast estates held by the Church in mortmain—in so far that the administrators, Djabis, of these estates had to purchase their appointments at an immense expense. The course of corruption began with the Sheikh-ul-Islam himself. If he did not actually purchase his appointment with so much hard cash, he purchased it with his influence. The same was the case with the four members of his consistory, the Sheikh-ul-Islam-Kiajossi, or procurator; the Telchisdji, or referendary; the Mektoufdji, or chancellor; and the Fetvah-emini, or keeper of the archives and fetvahs. It is true an attempt was made to secularise the Vakouf, but the only result was the passing of a law (August 4, 1875) which regulated the succession and brought the Vakouf under the taxation of the State. Now it is easy to understand how the Khatibs, the Imams, and the Softas must be incensed not only against the Fanariote speculators, but also against the priests who are their tools. And as so much of the land is held on various conditions from the Vakouf, and is subject to the constant pillage of the farmers of the Vakouf, the discontent is not confined to the ranks of the clergy, but has spread through all classes of modern society, and is attaining an intensity of which the terrified wire-pullers of the Palace are already feeling the premonitory symptoms, and thus do all in their power to obtain extraneous assistance to keep them in their places and save them from the storm that is about to break over their heads. To obtain this end they shun no means. They incite the Khatibs to arouse the fanaticism of the people, hoping thereby to excite the alarm of Europe. In fact, evidence is not wanting that attempts have been made to procure a massacre of the Christians in order to secure the presence of a fleet or a body of troops to protect them when the storm bursts; and a competent authority records his conviction that the massacre at Saloniki was in no small measure due to this policy.

This is the vitality—the vitality of a hotbed of seething corruption—which Lord Beaconsfield and the pro-Turkish Press contemplate so complacently. Of the vitality of the people, of the sterling qualities of the Turk no less than the Christian, of the victims of the iniquitous system at Stamboul, they take no account. Lord Beaconsfield sees in them nothing but a band of fanatical conspirators whose object is the Revolution. The *Politische Correspondenz* takes the same view. And the *Times* helps the *Politische Correspondenz*, so far as its Vienna correspondent may consider expedient. No other paper in Europe has given such prominence to a "conspiracy" regarding which, after prolixly discoursing about it for just a week, the Vienna correspondent arrives at the following conclusion:—"As far as one can judge, however, there is no reason hitherto for believing that this last turn of affairs at Constantinople is likely to have any direct influence in controlling the course of political affairs; but, as I pointed out before, it may have a considerable influence indirectly, by frustrating the resolution to send off the reserve garrison of Constantinople, all picked troops, to the seat of war." And, let us add, that this, *faute de mieux*, was the object of the "conspirators."

OUR EASTERN POLICY AFTER DINNER.

The wide divergence of opinion between different members of the Cabinet has often been talked of, but it has never been more startlingly illustrated than by Lord Beaconsfield's speech at the Guildhall last week. If our countrymen were in a saner mood, it would lead them to reflect seriously whether a Government composed of such discordant materials is the best that can be conceived at a crisis full of emergencies that call for prompt decision and united effort. During the whole course of these troubles in the East, the only thing upon which the members of the Cabinet have been able to agree has been to do nothing, and say that this is the best way of consulting British interests. That most members of the Cabinet had a single eye to British interests may well be believed; we should be sorry to think that they are more Tory partisans than Englishmen; but Lord Beaconsfield's speech showed plainly what has long been suspected—that there is an interest in the Cabinet which is not British. We have no wish to revive any old cry about Lord Beaconsfield's race, or his novels, or his Asian mystery, or any of the misfortunes or faults of his extraordinary genius, but, taking his speech by itself, as the utterance of the Head of the Cabinet, without any reference to his antecedents, there is matter in it for grave consideration, because it contains the enunciation of a totally new Eastern Policy for England, the proclamation of a new principle of action for our dealings with the Ottoman Power. The policy of our statesmen hitherto has been to treat the rule of the Turks in Europe as a rule the existence of which could only be temporary, but which must be protected and guaranteed against aggression till something was ready to be put in its place—a decaying domination which could not safely be extinguished or allowed to collapse suddenly, but which must be handed down from its seat of power step by step as circumstances permitted. In pursuance of this policy, province after province has been favoured in the achievement of semi-independence, and the day has been looked forward to when all the subject races of Turkey should be ripe for self-government. That was the policy of Lord Stratford; that has been the policy of British statesmanship for the last fifty years. But now, according to Lord Beaconsfield, all that must be reversed. This was the respectful way in which he alluded to the policy of his predecessors. "For some years it has been a dogma of diplomacy that Turkey was a phrase and not a fact—that its Government was a phantom, that its people was effete, and that it was used merely as a means by statesmen to maintain a fictitious balance of power and secure the peace of Europe. . . . Well, you know what proof has been given upon these subjects during the last year." That is to say, the fact that Turkey has not at once been crushed by the Russian armies proves that she has no longer any need of a protector; that the Crimean War and all the attempts of other Powers to guarantee her independence were so much superfluous fuss. The Turks "have shown that vigour and that resource which shall prove that they have a right to be recognised among the Sovereign Powers of Europe. The independence of Turkey was a subject of ridicule a year ago. The independence of Turkey, whatever may be the fortunes of war—and war changes like the moon—the independence of Turkey is not doubted now. It has been proved by half a million of warriors, who have devoted their lives to their country without pay and without reward." Lord Beaconsfield was not sufficiently carried away by his own eloquence to declare that Lord Palmerston and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe were a couple of old women, but he went as near saying so as the forms of polite insinuation would permit.

Quite a new principle of action, therefore, is to be introduced into our Eastern Policy. We are no longer to be concerned about the protection of the Sultan against aggression; he has been proved by the events of the present year to be perfectly capable of taking care of himself. And that is not the only wonderful thing that has been proved by the gallant resistance of the Turks. It has proved also that we need not concern ourselves about the condition of the non-Mussulman subjects of the Porte. For Lord Beaconsfield "cannot forget that His Highness the Sultan has declared, in the most formal man-

ner, that he is prepared to secure all those changes which will give to the Christian subjects of the Porte that safety and that welfare which the Emperor of Russia desires." It is true that the Sultan has made similar declarations in an equally formal manner times and ways without number. Lord Derby even went so far as to say, in his instructions for the Conference at Constantinople, that "the whole history of the Ottoman Empire, since it was admitted into the European concert, under the engagements of the Treaty of Paris, has proved that the Porte is unable to guarantee the execution of reforms in the provinces by Turkish officials, who accept them with reluctance and neglect them with impunity." But recent events have disproved what was proved by the whole history of the Ottoman Empire. The Russians have not yet taken Plevna; therefore the Sultan is a man of his word, and the Turkish officials will be as clay in his hands.

In fact, to the excited imagination of Lord Beaconsfield at the Guildhall, the Eastern Question presented itself as already a thing of the past. If we are to accept his picture, the only thing for our statesmen to do is to dismiss all concern for it from their minds, and apply themselves to domestic legislation with a sigh over the folly of their predecessors in burdening themselves with gratuitous anxieties. Lord Beaconsfield already sees growing upon the shores of the Bosphorus a complete model of the British Constitution, which will soon make the Ottoman Power a rival, and no longer a supposed *protégé*, of Western nations. He invited his hearers at the Guildhall to mark and ponder "the modest and interesting" speech of the Turkish Ambassador. That speech was as follows:—"The longer I live in England, the more I admire this great, powerful, and prosperous nation. England's power on this globe is that of Neptune, whose trident she keeps so resolutely. As Neptune, whom Homer calls Γαιήοχος, Ἐννοσίγαιος, epithets so successfully rendered by the late Earl of Derby in his admirable translation of the 'Iliad' by the words, 'The Earthshaker, circler of the earth,' she dominates on the seas and oceans which surround the continents of the earth. I admire that English intelligent activity which extended the dominion, civilisation, and literature of England in all the most distant parts of the world. I admire that English straightforwardness, that English fair play, and above all that English political and individual freedom which dates from the most remote times, and which gave the example of the Constitutional liberties now enjoyed by the greater part of Europe." Extremely modest and interesting, so far. We like this kind of flattery; it is our due, and the Turkish Ambassador proves himself a "man of the world" in laying it on as thick as he can. But before the events of this year we should not have been disposed to see much modesty in the sentence that came next. "Among other nations, the Ottoman Empire is indebted to England for this example, which it has followed." Turkey is now a free country, on the high road to prosperity and greatness; its people enjoy a Constitution like our own. We wonder what Lord Salisbury thought of this praise of the new Ottoman Constitution, thus countersigned by his great chief. Has the gallant defence of Plevna by the Turkish soldiers banished from his mind all recollection of his criticisms at the Conference? In January he seemed to think that the Constitution had been taken from some repository on the other side of the Channel, and was likely to go the way of many similar literary efforts.

If Lord Beaconsfield's speech were nothing more than the after-glow of the Lord Mayor's banquet, reflected from a private individual, it need excite nothing but amusement. But unfortunately though it may be, he is Her Majesty's Prime Minister, and the spirit of romantic admiration for Turkey, which found expression under the influence of the good cheer at the Guildhall and the contagious eloquence of the fiery Lord Mayor, is a powerful factor in determining the policy of England. What unity of action can be expected from a Cabinet in which that spirit is confronted by the plain common sense of such men as Lord Derby, Lord Salisbury, Sir Stafford Northcote, and Mr. Cross, who are not so predisposed as Lord Beaconsfield to throw the teaching of a century overboard in a fit of sentimental excitement at the partial and temporary success of the weaker side in a campaign? Compare Lord Beaconsfield's maudlin Turcophilism with the independent opinion of Lord Derby as expressed before he took office, and consider what is likely to be the movement of a vehicle drawn by two such yokefellows. "I believe," Lord Derby said, "the question of the breaking up of the Turkish Empire to be only a question of time, and probably not a very long time. The Turks have played their part in history; they have had their day, and that day is over; and I do not understand, except it be from the influence of old diplomatic traditions, the determination of our older statesmen to stand by the Turkish rule, whether right or wrong. *I think we are making for ourselves enemies of races, which will very soon become, in Eastern Europe, dominant races;* and I think we are keeping back countries by whose improvement we, as the great traders of the world, should be the great gainers, and that we are doing this for no earthly advantage, either present or prospective." To this view Lord Beaconsfield is now diametrically opposed, and he is in equally direct antagonism to Lord Salisbury's view of the value of the Sultan's last promises of reform to his subjects. It requires great trust in Providence to regard such an unexampled discord in the Cabinet without misgiving.

SLAVOPHILISM AND BRITISH INTERESTS.

Some six or seven months ago, shortly after the commencement of the present war, we pointed out, in a series of articles on Public Opinion in Russia, that while the mass of opinion was led for the moment by such Slavophils as M. Aksákoff, who were preaching a crusade for the emancipation of the Bulgarians as the duty of all Russians in fulfilment of their brotherly obligations, there were many cooler intellects among them who made it their business to ridicule the Slavophils, and their aspirations after the unity of the Slavonic races, and the predominance thereby of the Greek orthodox faith. After the failure of the Servian war, these more practical politicians, who wished to see various internal reforms accomplished in Russia before proceeding to enlarge the borders of the Empire, expressed themselves with great freedom, and it would seem, from a letter published in the *Times* of Wednesday, that the reverses and checks of the present campaign are again giving them the ascendancy. "More than once of late," says the Special Correspondent of the *Times* at St. Petersburg, "I have heard influential Russians declare openly that they had no particular affection for the Slavs, and that they hoped there would be no more Quixotic adventures for the emancipation of foreign races. If the war should have no other good result, it will at least clear the Russian intellectual atmosphere of a good many illusions and dangerous aspirations. Recent experience has shown that Slavophil ideas, however interesting they may be as subjects for abstract speculation, do not form a good basis for the foreign policy of a great country. Not for many years to come shall we again witness the spectacle of serious, practical statesmen, with all the resources of a mighty Empire at their disposal, endeavouring to realise by armed force crude and questionable theories which might find a fitting place in the lectures of an imaginative professor of history or in the programme of an under-graduates' debating society. Even among those who sympathise with the oppressed rayahs there are men with political common sense enough to understand that in the nineteenth century a crusade is an anachronism, and that the Eastern Question cannot be immediately solved even by an army of half a million. If those dreamers who have spent years in idly spinning ingenious theories of the Slavonic past and future had studied seriously and conscientiously the Slavonic present, they might have rendered far more service to the races of which they constitute themselves the champions. The Bulgarians, for instance, instead

of being grateful, have reason to pray that in future they may be saved from their friends. In spite of Turkish oppression and misrule, they were making progress in material well-being and education; but now, by the well-intentioned, injudicious zeal of uninvited protectors, they have been thrown back for half a generation. All this is coming to be perceived here in St. Petersburg, and is already occasionally expressed in private conversation by men who consider themselves good patriots. As yet, it is true, the patriots of this type constitute only a minority, but their numbers seem to be on the increase."

The publication for this letter has furnished the *Pall Mall Gazette* with an excellent opportunity of recanting some of its most cherished assertions about the causes of the present war. Hitherto this able but somewhat irrational journal has been in the habit of declaring that the present war was purely a war of ambition and aggrandisement, that the philanthropic pretexts of the Russians were transparent blinds which it prided itself upon seeing through, and that our crazy enthusiasts at home, with their silly sentimentalism, were playing the game of a grasping and barbarous rival Power. Now, however, it describes the *Times*' account of the present state of opinion in St. Petersburg as the "*return* of reason in Russia," and sums up the testimony of the correspondent, whom it admits to be a person of credibility, by saying that "the majority of Russians are in agreement with such opinions as we (the *Pall Mall Gazette*), for instance, have always maintained, and regard the Gladstonian ideas of the war as romantic nonsense." Bearing in mind that the vehemently iterated opinion of the *Pall Mall Gazette* has been that the pretended enthusiasm of the Russians for their suffering brethren in Bulgaria was all "fudge"—such, if we remember, was the expression used—and that the Gladstonian idea was that the enthusiasm was genuine, we can hardly accept this summary as strictly accurate in every particular. Still, when a newspaper finds itself compelled to retract an opinion, it may be pardoned if it saves its dignity by affirming that it has always maintained the opposite. It can always calculate upon the unquestioning faith of its readers.

What chiefly surprises us in the comments of the *Pall Mall Gazette* upon the letter in the *Times* is, that it should find somehow in the fact that the Slavophils are losing ground in Russia a condemnation of the policy recommended by the Liberal leaders, and opposed so bitterly by itself. As we have repeatedly urged, it is not an essential fact for English policy whether the Russians are sincere or insincere, fanatic or rational, grasping or philanthropically visionary in their professed desire to have guarantees exacted for the better government of the Christian population of Turkey. The essential fact for us was that the Russian Government was threatening to invade Turkey if the guarantees were not conceded. Perhaps we were bound in ordinary prudence to take for granted as a working hypothesis that Russian designs were not all that they professed to be. But this did not alter the question of the means by which they were to be met. Of course, if we considered the rule of the Turks to be perfect, or the guarantees asked for unreasonable, there was an end of the matter. But our Government, after going carefully into the facts, came to the conclusion that the rule of the Turks was far from perfect, and in the Conference at Constantinople our representative found nothing unreasonable in the proposed guarantees. In that case, it was clearly our interest, even with a view to counteracting Russian ambition, to take the course recommended by the Liberal leaders, and co-operate heartily with the other Powers of Europe in abating the evils of Turkish misgovernment. The fanaticism of the Russian Slavophils would never have reached boiling-point if our Government had had the courage of their opinions, or if the majority of the Cabinet had been allowed to give effect to its mature conclusions. Lord Beaconsfield not proved to have been right and the Liberal leaders wrong because this fanaticism is said now to be cooling down.

GOVERNMENT DEFEAT IN THE PRUSSIAN PARLIAMENT.

The solitary bit of news we had from Berlin, under date of November 7, referred to the murder, in Turkey, of a German telegraph official, of the name of Kaiser. Sad as his fate was, it cannot be compared, in importance, with the signal defeat suffered by the Government of the Kaiser, or King, on November 7, in the Prussian House of Commons. This defeat was brought about by an unprecedented alliance of parties; the subject at issue being the same question of Reform on which the Ministry had—by a "fluke," as it were—contrived to ward off an attack in the previous great debate. But though the honours of a Berlin wire-message were conferred upon the death of an individual in Turkey, not a line came from the telegraphic agency, as to the vote by which the Landtag had put its foot down against the dilatory practices of Prince Bismarck.

More wonderful to say, the conspiracy of silence—if that is the proper term for a case of strange neglect—has been kept up ever since by the correspondents of the London Press. A special telegram in a single paper, alluding, not to the striking parliamentary vote, but to an article in the *National-Zeitung*, which, in the name of the moderate Liberals, peremptorily declared its severance from the shilly-shallying policy of Government, is all that we got about this recent striking turn in Prussian affairs. Yet, the "Seventh of November" is something to remember in the annals of a Parliament whose debates, some twelve years ago, created a stir all through Europe, and encouraged even the French Opposition to the performance of its duties against Imperial tyranny.

The remarkable feature in this last parliamentary resolution at Berlin is, that the House adopted—well-nigh with unanimity, and without a division—a motion brought in by two members of the Ultramontane Centre party, namely, M. Kaufmann, the deputy for Bonn, and Herr von Schorlemer-Alst, the deputy for Münster, in Westphalia. Perfectly correct in itself, the motion insisted on a Government Bill of Reform being laid before the House in matters of Communal, District, and Provincial Administration in Westphalia and the Rhinelands. After what had happened in the first debate, on October 26, it might have been expected that the rising of two such Guy Fawkeses as Kaufmann and Schorlemer, would act as a terrible scare for the timid Moderates. The member for Bonn is a man after the heart of the Roman Propaganda. Herr von Schorlemer-Alst has inscribed himself in the German Parliamentary Almanack with a number of titles, the foremost of which is that of "Secret Chamberlain of His Holiness the Pope." The very atmosphere of the Landtag seems to darken when the figure of this champion of the "Black Party," who once was a dashing cavalry lieutenant, appears on the tribune, or when one of the clericalist Uhlans reconnoitres the ground for him or for Windthorst. On the present occasion, however, things all of a sudden wore quite a different aspect.

M. Kaufmann, who introduced the motion with honeyed words, met with the most favourable reception from both National Liberals and Progressists, although he could not quite withstand the temptation of putting in a slight dash of "something bitter" for Sybel, the so-called Viceroy of Bismarck in the Rhinelands. Herr von Schorlemer-Alst, by far the most uncompromising Vaticanist of the two, concluded the debate, not only with *fel in corde* against the Liberals, but also with the most atrabilious words against them on his lips. Still, even this irregular attack of the Pope's lieutenant did not move the Liberal majority from their set purpose of voting straight, one and all, in favour of the motion. Clearly, the representatives of the people had made up their minds to show to the Recluse of Varzin how wonderful their agreement is when once they do agree.

What was it that had wrought this unanimity, so soon after the issue of the last great debate? We believe

we are rightly informed when saying that quite a flood of complaints had poured in from the constituencies upon the Moderates against their half-hearted conduct on the occasion of the Progressist motion. The National Liberals had put forward a double apology in justification of their timid course. They had pointed to the designing character of the Centre party. They also declared that they did not like being "cudgelled up into Cabinet seats by the Progressists, merely for the object of being at once pushed down again, and thus giving Virchow an opportunity of catching them up and throwing them back into their original position." Such apparently smart sayings did, however, not go down with the constituencies. What they wanted was, a clear and firm Liberal vote.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* is perfectly right in stating that "the majority of the electors were never more decidedly Liberal than they are now; and they would gladly seize the opportunity to let the Imperial Chancellor understand that his past achievements cannot for ever be allowed to stand in the way of moderate progress." Only, when the *Pall Mall Gazette* adds that since the attack made upon his policy immediately after the opening of the present Session, "nothing more has been heard of the subject," it labours under a want of information, for which, as we have explained in the beginning, the reticent Telegraph Agency and the body of Trappist correspondents at Berlin must be held answerable.

Under the pressure of public opinion, of the whole Liberal press, and more particularly of their own constituencies, the Moderates, led by Miquel and Lasker, not only supported the Kaufmann-Schorlemer resolution, but even set aside a slightly mitigating addendum which two Conservative-Liberals, Herr von Manteuffel and Herr von Busse, proposed in a bureaucratic sense. Miquel declared that a still wider motion, embracing all provinces alike, would have satisfied his own political friends far better. Nothing, of course, prevented him from bringing in an amendment in that sense; but he confined himself to supporting the motion at issue, and to the utterance of "prave 'ords." He said that, "under the difficult circumstances of the *Kultur-Kampf*, Government itself could only gain, and the whole country could only gain, if full confidence were shown to the populations at large in communal affairs." This, indeed, is the feeling of the mass of the Liberals of all shades throughout the country.

The existing legal inequality between the eastern and the western provinces of Prussia in matters of civic self-government is universally condemned. People will no longer hear of Government refusing to ratify the election of a burgomaster in certain towns of Westphalia and the Rhinelands, or of some ex-corporal or subaltern official being stuck into the burgomaster's position in various villages of those western provinces. When it is considered how much freedom in communal affairs prevails in a great number of smaller German States, especially in the South, both in towns and thorpes, the exceptional condition in the Prussian provinces mentioned appears all the more unbearable. The claims so often brought forward by the advocates of Prussian leadership are certainly not upheld by such measures of restriction against that principle of local self-government to which the German mind tenaciously clings.

A noteworthy point in the speech of Dr. Lasker, the most prominent National Liberal leader, was his remark that—"the Minister of Public Worship, Dr. Falk, is the only member of the Cabinet who completely enjoys the confidence of the majority; he is the centre of fixity in the Cabinet." Coupled with the utterance of Dr. Miquel on the *Kultur-Kampf*, this remark shows that, whilst countenancing a motion brought in by Ultramontanes, the National Liberals do not mean to abate their anti-Romanist zeal. In the name of the Progressists, M. Haenel spoke for the resolution—not without a tinge of bitterness and satire against the Moderates who had recently left him and Professor Virchow in the lurch. The chief further talking was done by members of the Centre party, like Reichensperger and the Polish deputy Kantak. The former, who, unlike Schorlemer-Alst, has a deal of serpent wisdom, steered clear of all offence against the Liberals. He only struck a sympathetic chord amongst them by saying that "Reform must no longer be wrought with kid-gloves on," and that "the delay of Reform to the Greek Kalends" cannot be tolerated.

Dr. Friedenthal, the Minister of Agriculture, who acts as the substitute of Count Eulenburg, first endeavoured to allay the storm by playing an air of reconciliation on his reed-pipe. He "did not know what the object of the motion was; considering his own declaration of Oct. 26." He "had expected the motion would be withdrawn; if, however, it were adopted, he could only regard it as an assent to what he himself had said in the previous debate." Much ironical hilarity greeted this incredible assertion. The House would not go to slumber, under such dulcet strains, beneath the sweet shade of the official beech-tree. And it did quite right; for when the Minister of Agriculture saw the unbending firmness of the House, he once more rose, and changed his attitude of Pan the Beneficent into that of Pan the Terrible. He now suddenly announced that—"this was no time for him to deliver Academic lectures on the intentions of Government," and "that, in spite of all attacks and criticisms, the Cabinet would not bring in its intended Bill a moment earlier than after having satisfied itself as to the probable effect of the proposed laws on the various parts of the country." This threat of Pan the Terrible did not produce the expected panic among the National Liberals. Even though Herr von Schorlemer-Alst followed with his violent diatribe, in which he said that "you must not only bark, but also bite;" that "the Liberals too often bite their own heads off;" and that, as in the nursery ditty, "Prince Bismarck, the great bogy Nicholas, always comes and puts the Liberals into his inky glass"—the House finally stood up in its entirety, barring a few members, in favour of the motion.

This is a striking defeat of Government, and it may yet lead to a further conflict. It was after this debate that the *National-Zeitung* came out with an anti-Government article—pointing, in its concluding words, to the desirability of making an appeal to the constituencies; and declaring that "it looked forward to the popular verdict with the utmost confidence." It has now to be seen whether Prince Bismarck, who exhibits so praiseworthy a respect for parliamentary opinion in France, will apply this excellent Constitutional doctrine to the latitudes of Berlin.

HIGH POLICY IN THE EXCHEQUER DIVISION.

It must be an agreeable subject of reflection to the patient suitor that at a time when the block of legal business has attained to unparalleled dimensions the Lord Chief Justice is presiding over at least two Commissions, while the Lord Chief Baron is equally ready to instruct his countrymen on the corruption of the Privy Council and the dark and inscrutable designs of Russia. Having done with the Lord Chancellor and his colleagues, the Lord Chief Baron has taken advantage of the annual election to the office of Lord Mayor to acquaint a listening world with the true nature of the Eastern problem. The occasion was perhaps not altogether unfitting. The show with which Londoners are gratified on November 9 is, perhaps, when considered in reference to the importance of the event which it commemorates, a spectacle unique in civilised Europe. Scarcely less amazing is a defiance to the Emperor of Russia and the German Emperor emanating from the Exchequer Division of Her Majesty's High Court of Justice. A sense of humour is not, however, given to every excellent and learned Judge, and we are indebted to some such slight deficiency on the part of the Lord Chief Baron for a speech even more entertaining than Lord Beaconsfield's stately utterances at the Guildhall,

and considerably less cautious than Mr. Gladstone's vigorous address at Holyhead. No doubt the accessories and the surroundings were even less suggestive of reticence or timidity than the historic security of a "carriage drive." The immediate proximity of the Lord Mayor and of his predecessor, Sir Thomas White, the presence of the Common Serjeant, who, by the way, happens to be a Liberal, and the congenial company of Baron Huddleston, together with such portion of processional pomp as found its way into the Court, may well have suggested to the Lord Chief Baron that such an opportunity comes but once a year, and filled his august bosom with the pleasing sentiment coarsely expressed in the popular phrase, "What a day we are having!" At all events, his Lordship determined to make the most of it. After a passing reference to the nature of the occasion, he plunged with truly judicial impetuosity into the region of party politics. "The peace of Europe has once again been broken, and a war is raging which England may well contemplate with serious anxiety, and even with alarm." The Lord Chief Baron's alarm is, however, transitory. "I am not," he says, "one of those who think that England need shrink from an encounter with any number of enemies that may be banded against her." As even Mr. Chaplin has not suggested that we should declare war against the whole of Europe at once, we trust that the Lord Chief Baron's fears have since been somewhat modified, as indeed they appear to some extent to have been in the interval between the two passages of his speech which we have just quoted. Fear, indeed, does not seem to be an emotion from which his Lordship suffers. "As the word of kings is of higher rule and governance than the influence of a body of diplomatists" (a very qualified compliment to the word of kings), "it is to be hoped, and we may well pray, that the great potentate waging this war will pause, or be led to pause, I will not say made to pause, in the career which has not only laid waste the country he seeks to conquer, but, as it seems, has led to outrages and atrocities without parallel in the history of the world." If it were desirable to criticise this sentence seriously, it might be suggested that two potentates were waging this war, and that one of them, though not perhaps that one indicated by the Lord Chief Baron, will undoubtedly before long be made to pause. The Czar will, it may be hoped, have an opportunity of reading the judgment which has been given against him by default in the Exchequer Division, and will duly be impressed by the decision of so powerful and impartial a tribunal. His Imperial Majesty is not, however, the only enemy whom the Lord Chief Baron defies. He contemplates an alliance between Russia and Germany, which shall place the whole of Europe, "I was about to say, at their feet, but will say at their disposal." This masterly expression seems to contain the rudiments of a conundrum which has unfortunately not been fully developed, but which genius might well improve, and talent would be pretty sure to spoil. Here, then, we take our leave of this fine example of judicial rhetoric, which we trust has been made as widely known in Europe as it deserves to be.

It is, for aught we knew, proper and necessary that the office of Lord Mayor should be annually magnified, and that the election to the nominal headship of an oligarchic "survival" should be made the occasion of national ceremonies, and the opportunity for speeches of European importance. If Her Majesty's Ministers desire at this season of the year to enlighten their countrymen on the subject of their foreign policy, it matters little that the event is coincident with the melodramatic mummery of a municipal show. We are most of us fortunate enough to live under the comparatively civilised jurisdiction of the Metropolitan Board of Works, and being supplied with poisonous water in accordance with the most approved methods, allow the Aldermen to work their own sweet will in their own peculiar sphere. But it may be doubted whether the High Court of Justice is exactly the place, or the middle of a working day exactly the time, for a dissertation from one of Her Majesty's Judges on the war between Russia and Turkey, the great Napoleon, the absorption of Schleswig-Holstein by Prussia, a rumoured alliance between Germany and Russia, and other blazing but extra-judicial subjects. The Lord Chief Baron was—we had almost said is—a successful and versatile politician, and a reference to Macaulay's 'Speeches' will show that he oscillated three times in one week between Protection and Free Trade, with the highly satisfactory result of retaining his place as a Law Officer of the Crown. But if in his long and brilliant career he has not had enough of politics, there are opportunities of a private nature when he can with safety and freedom express those political opinions which a wise etiquette generally prevents a Judge from obtruding on the public. The Lord Chief Baron has never rivalled Scarlett as an advocate, or Pollock as a lawyer, but he was a more eminent politician than either of his predecessors, and he may well trust the public to remember his position in Peel's administration without the assistance of inflammatory harangues addressed to sympathetic aldermen. If he had been at a loss for an appropriate subject, he might have addressed what the *Telegraph* calls a "stern and true word" to the representative of the largest and most corrupt of the unreformed corporations. There are no doubt strong Conservative forces at the command of the City of London, but a position which has no logical defence, and rests entirely on voting power, should make its occupants careful of giving unnecessary provocation. Whether Sir John Bennett has or has not reached the very moderate standard of respectability hitherto required in a London alderman the public do not greatly care; but the arbitrary exercise of an irrational veto, and the reckless hurling of accusations which are not verified or even specified, are not proceedings of commendable prudence on the part of those who are tolerated as more or less picturesque abuses. And however consonant with the general tone of the proceedings on Lord Mayor's Day may be the spectacle of the Lord Chief Baron defying the united Powers of Europe from the Bench of the Exchequer, we cannot but think that he would have been more profitably employed in warning the Lord Mayor, and all whom it may concern, that there are other municipal duties than eating dinners and joining in processions, and that this exceptional period of security for obsolete and illogical institutions is not likely to be of long continuance.

THE ART OF PATHOS.

Pathos and Tragedy have probably no more distant relationship than this—that the first is tragedy in undress, tragedy stripped of its *mise en scène*, assuming no great airs of martyrdom, and content to appear like any one of us in common clothes. Tragedy, on the other hand, requires some attendance of pomp and circumstance, just as much a recognised part of its belongings as the mask and the cothurnus once were of its presentation. Indeed, there was a time when it would concern itself with none of the common stock of everyday affairs; no one who did not come of a "royal line"—the Theban, or some other—could aspire to be the hero of tragedy, and in those days it would have been disallowed without the stage effects, the gilt and trappings of royalty. If nowadays ("these seven years" of Hamlet and more) the age has levelled such distinction of persons, not the less does tragedy insist upon a carriage above the vulgar crowd; her nurselings run no danger of being confounded with Tom and Jerry, the heroes of ordinary tales, and by talking in blank verse, and a variety of other expedients, continue to show themselves clearly as persons "who have seen better days."

But, as for Tragedy's poor cousin Pathos, her duty is to assume none of these airs—rather to begin at once by taking the lowest room. Like the true poor relation, her art lies in her humility. The more she can continue to show the life she is depicting like the life of every day, the greater her opportunities for exercising her peculiar fascinations, and the surer her ultimate triumph.

She often brings, however, to the performance of this task an art of the most perfect kind, which the writer of pathos will do well to study and master. It is well known that never do expressions of sorrow affect the heart more powerfully than when couched in language absolutely free from one touch of extravagance. One might almost say that these feelings are best expressed when least expressed; it is rather true that there is one particular point just above jejuneness, and far on this side of exaggeration, which the highest skill of the artist is required to catch.

When, therefore, we notice the way in which the great masters of pathos have set to work, we see that their first object is to rob the scene they present of all that is garish and exciting; to administer a mental restorative, in order (this is the real truth about it) that the faculty of sympathy, which is quiescent, may not, as in the case of tragedy, be drowned in the sense of awe. Sterne is a great proficient in this art, which sometimes with him rises to the point of artifice. One of his especial devices is to bring us, at the moment when our sympathy is tightest drawn, in the description of a death-bed or over a grave, suddenly face to face with some familiar sight or sound. Indeed, he has communicated his secret to one of his own creations; it was the same device which Corporal Trim employed when he dropped his hat upon the floor, while moralising the death of his young master. "Here we are now," exclaimed he (striking his stick perpendicularly upon the floor, so as to give an idea of health and stability), "and are we not" (dropping his hat upon the ground) "gone! in a moment!" And Sterne, in just the same fashion, seems, by suddenly dropping his hat upon the touching scene, by suddenly arresting our tears, make us all the more conscious of their importunity. The sentence which follows upon the description of Yorick's death-bed is a perfect example of this manner:—

Ten times a day has Yorick's ghost the consolation to hear his monumental inscription read over, with such a variety of plaintive tones as denote a general pity and esteem for him—a footway crossing the churchyard close by the side of the grave—not a passenger goes by without stopping to cast a look upon it, and sighing, as he walks on, "Alas, poor Yorick!"

And first observe how absolutely simple the scene is. There is nothing so sobering or (since the Pythagoreans went out of fashion) so utterly unromantic and commonplace as the repetition of a number; the whole region of numeration and arithmetic standing at the opposite intellectual pole to imagination and feeling. An inferior artist would begin "many times a day," or he might sink so low as "full many" or "many, many times," and so mar three parts of the effect. Here, however, we begin with a number, a definite number, combining the extreme of simplicity with a directness and circumstantiality which arrests our attention. Not five or six, or seven or eight, but ten absolutely. This brings the scene before us as a picture. The daily passage of these half-indifferent observers stands to our imagination for the continuous stream of time, drowning all individual emotion in its course. So subtle is the meaning of the sentence that in the very words "with such a variety of plaintive tones as denote a general pity and esteem for him," we read the very lesson which the rest of the chapter has endeavoured to emphasise the most—Yorick's entire isolation from the sympathy of his fellow-men. This is the most sorrowful part of sorrow, its contrast with the indifference of the world; and it is just this aspect of it that such a delicately constructed piece of writing as this helps best to bring before us.

Johnson, when a young lady said she considered Sterne affecting, stoutly denied the fact. "Well, I am sure," rejoined she, "he has affected me." "That, my dear, is because you are a goose," was the characteristic answer. But in truth it was the Doctor who was the goose. The whole of the elegiac passage over Yorick ought to be read with indifference by no one: it is a wrong to Nature to refuse—as Sterne would express it—the tribute of a sigh, if not a tear, only because we know our author has set a trap to catch it. The half of literary effect is founded upon artifice, but then the artifice is built upon the eternal truths of our nature. One seems to hear the very way in which such a passage should be read, as by one who has forced his voice into an unnatural calm. All is over: let the tone be a note above its ordinary pitch, and begin, "Ten times a day. . . ."

Thackeray, who sneered at Sterne, but knew his value, and was probably as much indebted to him as Thackeray was to any man, has given fine examples of the best manner of pathos. The last scene of Colonel Newcome's life is the supreme instance; and it is the occasion in which its author, throughout all his writings, most nearly touches the line which separates art from artifice. There is just a faintly theatrical effect about that "adsum," though it seems wrong to hint the truth in the face of so sublime a passage:—

At the usual evening hour, the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiarly sweet smile stole over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said, "Adsum." It was the word we used at school when names were called; and lo! he whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name and stood in the presence of The Master.

Change the language a little—as, for instance, by reading "'Twas the word we used at school when names were called"—and we are irresistibly reminded of Sterne; perhaps because Sterne and Thackeray understood, as no others have understood better, the absolute necessity for the simplest language on these occasions. There are one or two passages of a like kind in 'Esmond' which, on account of their archaic diction, are still more Sterne-like. Here it is to be observed that Thackeray has carried simplicity of language to its utmost limits, the constant repetition of the word "and" having in itself a very peculiar and pleasant effect. But there is much more art than in the language only. The quiet distinctness of the scene is brought into relief by the expedient of the chapel bell tolling "at the usual hour," and wrought, or as it were tolled, into our minds with even greater solemnity and emphasis than by Sterne's "ten times a day." The indifferent outside world importunes our ear still more surely, bringing before us as it does the ordinary school sights and sounds, the boys hurrying out of school (it was the evening), the masters leaving their daily task, the pensioners creeping one by one to answer their names at the daily summons. Years before, Thomas Newcome himself had stood the witness of such another scene:—

Under the archway of the hospital he could look at the old Gothic building, and a black pensioner or two crawling over the quiet square, or passing from one dark arch to another. A great noise of shouting, crying, clapping of forms and cupboards, poured out of the schoolboys' window; their life, bustle, and gaiety contrasted strangely with the quiet of these old men, creeping along in their black gowns under the dark arches yonder, whose hope and noise and bustle had sunk into that grey calm. There was Thomas Newcome, arrived at middle life, standing between the shouting boys and tottering seniors, and in a situation to moralise on either had not his son Clive . . . .

But how differently does all this noise and quiet strike us now. Not it, but we, are changed. The stream of time rolls on still, and will roll on for ever, leaving us alone. Herein lies our sorrow.

And, not to multiply instances, let us take but one more example from George Eliot, and see how alike on each occasion are the thoughts it suggests, and how like, too, are the means employed to give these thoughts their full impressiveness. In former years George Eliot spent upon the art of pathos the talents which have long been buried exclusively with tragedy; nor will it be easy to find a more nearly perfect specimen of the former than in her story of Amos Barton. The sadness of the whole tale turns upon the struggle between the moral and intellectual feebleness of Amos and the difficulties of the world in which he finds himself—a world which, though more successful, is not in three parts more deserving of success than the unhappy incumbent; it culminates in the death of Milly, his wife, the one sharer and sympathiser in his troubles. Or, rather, it culminates, as far as regards the tender lines of pathos, with the scene of Amos Barton's farewell to Milly's grave.

Soon after ten o'clock, when he had sent Nancy to bed that she might have a good night's rest before the fatigue of the morrow, he stole softly out to pay a last visit to Milly's grave. It was a moonless night, but the sky was thick with stars, and their light was enough to show that the grass had grown long on the grave, and that there was a tombstone, telling in bright letters upon a dark ground that beneath were deposited the remains of Amelia, the beloved wife of Amos Barton, who died in the thirty-fifth year of her age, leaving a husband and six children to lament her loss. The final words of the inscription were, "Thy will be done."

The husband was now advancing towards the dear mound from which he was so soon to be parted, perhaps for ever. He stood a few minutes reading over and over again the words on the tombstone, as if to assure himself that all the happy and unhappy past was a reality. For love is frightened at the intervals on insensibility and callousness that encroach by little and little upon the dominion of grief, and it makes an effort to recall the keenness of the first anguish.

Gradually, as his eye dwelt on the words, "Amelia, the beloved wife," the waves of feeling swelled with his soul, and he threw himself on the grave, clasping it in his arms and kissing the cold turf.

"Milly, Milly, dost thou hear me? I didn't love thee enough; I wasn't tender enough to thee, but I think of it all now." The sobs came and choked his utterance, and the warm tears fell.

In this passage we see George Eliot, who is not only extremely original both as to her manner and matter, but can, beside, not be considered a stylist in the sense that Sterne and Thackeray are so, nevertheless compelled by the necessities of the subject to adopt the very means which they would have adopted to bring out her picture in relief. Her first object, as theirs had been, is to individualise the scene as clearly and simply as possible. To Amos Barton it is

> The sad hour selected from all years
> To mourn our loss.

But to the rest of the world it is "soon after ten o'clock." And again, in her manner-description we find the sentences falling into just the same measured cadence as with Sterne they would have done. They, too, seem to dictate a peculiar voice in the reader, which might be called the art of reading pathos. That parenthetical passage beginning "For love is frightened," is a choice instance of this. It might have been written either by Sterne or Thackeray; and this not on account of any love of imitation, but from the mere exigencies of the subject in hand.

POETRY.

LOVE'S TREASURES.

Hopes of my heart, my joys, my pride,
  Stay with me, be my own, my all.
Friends change, love passes, ye abide:
  Pleasures grow trite, ye never pall.
What other boon to earth belongs
  That with the boon of you compares?
Oh furniture! oh sideboard! tongs!
  Dear dinner-table! cherished chairs!

Oh, home's rich treasures, where you are
  Is my soul's purpose and delight;
And how the world wags on afar
  What matters? I have you in sight.
Calm peace in me your influence sheds,
  And tenderest passion that is man's.
Oh furniture! oh hearthrugs! beds!
  Loved chests of drawers! sweet water-cans!

And what, oh what, to me were life,
  Where Paradise, when wanting ye?
And what were child, and what were wife,
  And what my very self to me?
Where'er my fate, whate'er my rooms,
  Be with me, mine, or what avails?
Oh furniture! oh sofas! brooms!
  Prized dressing-tables! darling pails!

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of 'The Adventures of a Phaeton,' 'The Princess of Thule,' &c.

CHAPTER XLVI.

SCHEMES.

SHALL we ever forget that sunrise over the vast plain through which the Missouri runs—the silence, and loneliness, and majesty of it? Far away, immeasurable leagues away it seemed, a bar of purple cloud appeared to rest on the earth, all along the flat horizon; while above that the broad expanse of sky began to glow with a pale lemon-yellow; the grassy plain below being of a deep, intense olive-green. No object in the distance was to be descried, except one narrow strip of forest; and the trees, just getting above the belt of purple, showed a serrated line of jet black on the pale yellow sky. Then a flush of rose-pink began to fill the east; and quite suddenly the wooden spire of the small church beside us—the first object to catch the new light of the dawn—shone a pale red above the cold green of the cotton-trees. There was no one abroad at this hour in the wide streets of Decatur, though we had seen two Indians pass some little time before, with shovels over their shoulders. Our object in getting up so early was to try to get over the swampiest part of our journey before the heat of the day called up a plague of flies from the mud.

One thing or another, however, delayed our departure; and when at last we got into the swamps, we were simply enveloped in clouds of mosquitoes. If we could only have regarded these from behind a glass mask, we should have said that they formed a very beautiful sight, and so have discovered the spirit of good that lurks in that most evil thing. For we were in shadow—our vehicles having a top supported by slender iron poles arising from the sides—and, looking out from this shadow, the still air seemed filled with millions upon millions of luminous and transparent golden particles. Occasionally, we got up on a higher bit of ground and could send the horses forward; the current thus produced relieving us from these clouds; but ordinarily our slow plunging through the mire left us an easy prey to these insatiable myriads. Indeed there were more mosquitoes within our vehicle—if that were possible—than in the same space without; for these creatures prefer to get into the shade when the blaze of the sun is fierce, though they do not show themselves grateful to those who afford it. The roof of our palanquin-phaeton was of blue cloth when we started. Before we had been gone an hour it was grey; there was not anywhere the size of a pea visible of the blue cloth. But this temporary retirement of a few millions in no wise seemed to diminish the numbers of those who were around us in the air. At last even the patience of the lieutenant broke down.

"Lady Sylvia," said he, "I have now discovered why there is so much bad language in America. If ever we go up the Missouri again, you ladies must go in one carriage by yourselves, and we in another carriage; for the frightful thing is that we cannot say what we think." And here he slapped his cheek again, and slew another half-dozen of his enemies.

"But why not speak?" his wife said.

It was an ancient privilege, my lords,
To fling whate'er we felt, not fearing, into words.

Lady Sylvia was supposed to say something; but as she had

* *Copyrighted*, 1877.

tied a handkerchief tightly round her face, we could not quite make out what it was.

He continued to complain. We had delayed our return to Decatur on the previous day so that we should avoid driving on to Tekamah in the evening, when the plague is worse: he declared it could not be worse. He even complained that we had not suffered in this fashion a couple of days before, in driving over the same ground; forgetting that then we had a fresh and pleasant breeze. And we were soon to discover what a breeze could do. Our friendly guide and driver suddenly plunged his horses off the path into a thicket of tall reeds. We thought we should have been eaten up alive at this point. But presently we got through this wilderness and began to ascend a slope leading up to the bluffs. Was there not a scent of cooler air? We clambered higher and higher; we got among our old friends, the sunflowers and Michaelmas-daisies; and, at last, when we emerged on to the sunlit and golden plain, the cool breeze, fragrant with mayweed, came sweeping along and through our vehicle, and behold! we were delivered from our enemies. We waxed valiant. We attacked their last stronghold on the roof; we flicked off these grey millions; and they, too, flew away and disappeared. We sent a victorious halloo to the vehicle behind us, which was joyfully answered. We fell in love with the "rolling" prairies, and their beautiful flowers, and fresh breezes.

But the cup of human happiness is always dashed with some bitterness or another. We began to think about that vast and grassy swamp from which we had emerged. Was not that, in effect, part of the very Mississippi valley about which such splendid prophecies have been made? Our good friends out here, though they made light of their river by calling it the Big Muddy, nevertheless declared that it was the parent of the Mississippi, and that the Mississippi should be called the Missouri from St. Louis right down to New Orleans. Had we, then, just struggled upward from one branch of the great basin which is to contain the future civilisation of the world? We had been assured by an eminent (American) authority that nothing could "prevent the Mississippi valley from becoming, in less than three generations, the centre of human power." It was with pain and anguish that we now recalled these prophetic words. Our hearts grew heavy when we thought of our children's children. O ye future denizens of Alligator City, do not think that your forefathers have not also suffered in getting through these mud-flats on an August day!

At length we got back to Tekamah and its conspicuous tree, which latter, it is said, has done the State some good service in former days. We were much too early for the train; and so we had luncheon in the block-house inn (the lieutenant in vain offering a dollar for a single bottle of beer), and then went out to sit on a bench and watch the winged beetles that hovered in the sunshine and then darted about in a spasmodic fashion. That was all the amusement we could find in Tekamah. But they say that a newspaper exists there; and if only the Government would open up a road to the Black Hills by way of the Elkhorn valley, Tekamah might suddenly arise and flourish. In the end, we left the darting beetles, and drove to the station. Here we saw two or three gangs of "civilised" Indians, digging for the railway company. Whether Pawnees, Omahas, or Winnibagoes, they were, in their tattered shirts and trousers, not an attractive-looking lot of people; whereas the gentlemen-paupers of the Reservations have at least the advantage of being picturesque in appearance. There were a few teepees on the slopes above, with some women and children above. The whole very closely resembled a Gypsy encampment.

And then, in due course of time, we made our way back to Omaha, the capital of the Plains, the future Chicago of the West; and we were once more jolted over the unmade roads and streets which had now got dry and hard. And what was this?—another telegram?

Lady Sylvia took it calmly, and opened it with an air of pride.

"I thought so," she said, with assumed indifference; and there was a certain superiority in her manner—almost bordering on triumph—as she handed the telegram to her friend. She seemed to say, "Of course, it it quite an ordinary occurrence for my husband to send me a telegram. There, you may all see on what terms we are. I am not a bit rejoiced that he has actually sailed, and on his way to join us."

The word was passed round. Balfour's telegram was from Queenstown, giving the name of the vessel by which he had sailed. There was nothing for her to be proud of in that; she did well to assume indifference.

But when, that evening, we were talking about our further plans, she suddenly begged to be left out of the discussion.

"I mean to remain here until my husband arrives," said she.

"In Omaha!" we all cried—but there was really no disparagement implied in this ejaculation; for it must be acknowledged that Omaha, after its first reception of us, had treated us with the greatest kindness.

"He cannot be here for a fortnight at least," it is pointed out to her, "we could in that time go on to Idaho and be back here to meet him, if he does not wish, like the rest of us, to have a look at the Rocky Mountains."

"I cannot tell what his wishes may be," said the young wife, thoughtfully, "and there is no means of explaining to him where to find us if we move from here."

"There is every means," it is again pointed out. "All you have to do is to address a letter to the New York office of the line, and it will be given to him even before he lands."

This notion of sending a letter seemed to give her great delight. She spent the whole of the rest of the evening in her own room; no human being but him to whom they were addressed ever knew what were the outpourings of her soul on that occasion. Later on she came in to bid us good-night. She looked very happy; but her eyes were red.

Then two members of our small party went out into the cool night air to smoke a cigar. The broad streets of Omaha were dark and deserted; there were no roysterers going home; no lights showing that the gambling-houses were still open; the place was as quiet as a Surrey village on a Sunday morning when everybody is at church.

"I have been thinking," says one of them; and this is a startling statement, for he is not much given that way. "And what these ladies talk about Balfour doing when he comes out here—oh! that is all stuff—that is all folly and nonsense. It is romantic—oh! yes, it is very fine to think of; and for an ordinary poor man it is a great thing to have 160 acres of freehold land—and very good land—from the Government; and if he knows anything about farming, and if he and his family will work—that is very well. But it is only romantic folly to talk about that and Balfour together. His wife—it is very well for her to be brave—and say this thing and that thing: but it is folly; they cannot do that. That is the nonsense a great many people in England think—that, when they have failed at everything, they can farm. Oh, yes! I would like to see Lady Sylvia help to build a house, or to milk a cow even. But the other thing, that is a little more sensible. They say the Railway has beautiful grazing land—beautiful grazing land—that you can buy for a pound or thirty shillings an acre; and a man might have a large freehold estate for little. But the

little is something; and there is the cost of the stock; and the taxes; and if Balfour had enough money for all that, how do you know that he will be able to make his fortune by stock-raising?"

"I don't know anything about it."

"No," said the lieutenant with decision, "these things are only romantic. It is good for a labouring man who has a little money to have a homestead from the Government, and work away; and it is good for a farmer who knows about cattle to buy acres from the Railway; and invest his money in cattle; and look after them. As for Balfour and his wife——"

A semicircular streak of fire in the darkness—a wave of the hand indicated by the glowing end of the cigar—showed how the lieutenant disposed of that suggestion.

"Do you think," said he after a time—"you have known him longer than I have—do you think he is a proud man?"

"As regards his taking to some occupation or other?"

"Yes."

"He will have to put his pride in his pocket. He is a reasonable man."

"There was one thing that my wife and I talked of last night," said the lieutenant, with a little hesitation; "but I am afraid to speak it, for it might be—impertinent. Still, to you I will speak it; you will say no more if you do not approve. You know, at the end of one year, my wife and I we find ourselves with all this large property on our hands. Then we have to decide what to do with it."

"Sell every stick and stone of it, and take the proceeds back with you to England. You cannot manage such a property 5,000 miles away. Bell's uncle, mind you, trusted to nobody; he was his own overseer and manager, and a precious strict one, if all accounts be true. You carry that money back to England; buy a castle in the Highlands, and an immense shooting; and ask me, each August, to look in on you about the 12th. That is what a sensible man would do."

"But wait a bit, my friend. This is what my wife says—yes, it is her notion—but she is very fearful not to offend. She says if this property is going on paying so well, and increasing every year, would it not be better for us to give someone a good salary to remain there and manage it for us? Do you see now? Do you see?"

"And that was your wife's notion? Well, it is a confoundedly clever one; but it was her abounding good nature that led her to it. Unfortunately, there is a serious drawback. You propose to offer this post to Balfour?"

"Gott bewahre!" exclaimed the lieutenant, almost angrily, for he was indeed "fearful not to offend." "I only say to you what is a notion—what my wife and I were speaking about—I would not have it mentioned for worlds—until, at least, I knew something about—about——"

"About the light in which Balfour would regard the offer. Unless he is an ass, which I don't believe, he would jump at it. But there is the one objection, as I say: Balfour probably knows as much about the raising of cattle as he knows about mining—which is nothing at all. And you propose to put all these things into his hands?"

"My good friend," said the lieutenant, "he is a man; he has eyes; he is a good horseman; he can learn. When he comes out here, let him stay with us. He has a year to learn. And do you suppose that Bell's uncle he himself looked after the cattle, and drove them this way and that, and sold them? No, no; no more than he went down into the mines, and watched them at the work. If Balfour will do this—and it is only a notion yet—he will have to keep the accounts, and he will judge by the results what is going on right. And so we too. If it does not answer, we can sell. I think he is a patient, steady man, who has resolution. And if he is too proud—if he is offended—we could make it an interest rather than salary—a per-centage on the year's profits——"

"Well, if you ask me what I think of it, I consider that he is very lucky to have such a chance offered. He will live in the healthiest and most delightful climate in the world; he and his wife, who are both excessively fond of riding, will pass their lives on horseback; he may make some money; and then he will be able to come up here and go in for a little speculation in real estate, just by way of amusement. But, my dear young friend, allow me to point out that when you talk of the women's schemes as romantic, and of your wife's and your's as a matter of business, you try to throw dust into the eyes of innocent folks. You are contemplating at present what is simply a magnificent act of charity."

"Then," said he, with real vexation, "it is all over. No, we will make him no such offer, unless it is a matter of business; he will only resent it if it is a kindness."

"And are there many people, then, who are in such a wild rage to resent kindness? Where should we all be but for forbearance, and forgiveness, and charity? Is he a god that he is superior to such things?"

"You know him better than I do," is the gloomy response.

But the lieutenant, as we walked back to the hotel, was rather displeased that his proposal was not looked upon as a bit of smart commercial calculation.

LITERATURE.

TRANSLATIONS OF THE AGAMEMNON.

[*First Notice.*]

The Agamemnon of Æschylus. Transcribed by Robert Browning. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1877.

The Agamemnon of Æschylus. Translated into English Verse. By E. D. Morshead, M.A. London: Kegan Paul and Co. 1877.

There have just appeared, almost simultaneously, two renderings of a most unrenderable masterpiece. One calls itself a transcript, and the other ought to call itself a transcription, according to Webster's definition of the word, as applied by composers to "a more or less fanciful and ornate reproduction on their own instrument of a song or other piece not originally intended for it." One is by a chief of poets now, the other perhaps by a poet to be pleasantly revealed to us in a not remote futurity; and, as might be expected, it is the great poet, the hail-fellow of Æschylus, who spends his vigour in unflinching self-restraint, and will not be lured from his dogged fidelity as a translator by any temptation to achieve a beautiful passage or a well-rounded stanza, it is the aspirant who turns aside to follow the flights of his own fancy, who, in the enthusiasm of versification, finds surprises of happy touches and new turns, and adds himself to Æschylus. It is noticeable, too, that it is the word-by-word translation, the mere imitation as one might say, which bears the strong impression of originative power—a power which must have been recognised if Robert Browning had never been heard of before—and the loose translation, giving play to interpolated originality, which leaves the reader suspicious of the want of such a power in the translator and certain only of his elegant scholarship. If we judge the fulfilment by the intention as expressed in their respective prefaces, both translators are to be congratulated. Mr. Morshead's "object has been throughout to be, if possible, readable," and he has succeeded. Mr. Browning considered that if he carried out his wishes in his work the result would "prove very hard reading indeed," and he has succeeded. The consequence is that, if any person wholly unacquainted with Æschylus either in the original or by translations should make acquaintance with him under the auspices of Mr. Morshead, he would conceive of him as a melodious and easily intelligible writer a little too much given to

prolong an idea into several lines for the sake of perspicuity or of sound; and, if he made acquaintance with him under the auspices of Mr. Browning, he would conceive of him as bewilderingly, sometimes hopelessly obscure, and as rugged to an intolerable harshness. That is, Mr. Browning's disciple would have acquired a true idea exaggerated, and Mr. Morshead's disciple would have learned to think of a pear and call it a pine-apple.

Nothing could be more un-Æschylean than Mr. Morshead's paraphrase of the Agamemnon. Much of it is beautiful, all is musical, it rarely deserts the original completely—rather it hovers round it in its desertions like a butterfly round a favourite flower—it rarely, perhaps never, misses or perverts a meaning; altogether, as a non-literal and expanded translation, it is essentially correct. But it is not Æschylus. The spirit is gone—this very merit aimed at by free and expanding translations, that of preserving the higher thing, the spirit, at the expense of the lower thing, the letter, is just what oftenest does go, much as you would lose the expression of a sitter's face if you tried to paint the expression disregarding the features. With Mr. Morshead one might quote half the book in instances of poetical if sometimes rather weak versions, but not one passage of which it can be said, "Here you have the true strength and flavour." Take, for instance, the opening of the drama, the watchman's speech. The watchman grumbling at his long and, as he seems half inclined to think, useless watch for the beacon light which is to announce the fall of Troy and Agamemnon's return, suddenly sees the light and breaks into shouts of joy and into dancing; the speech is a fine one, as its subject warrants, but it is not a subjective and thoughtful one, which the character of the speaker does not warrant. He complains that when he lies on his dew-drenched couch he gets no rest, "for fear" (doubtless of being caught napping and missing the signal of the beacon) "stands by keeping off sleep" (ἄνθ' ὕπνου) "so that I cannot steadily close my eyelids together in sleep; and when I think to sing or hum throwing in" (literally shredding in or cutting in) "the opposing (ἀντίμολπον) cure of sleep, I bewail, groaning, the calamity of this house not managed, as formerly, in the best way." There is nothing in this dramatically unfit for the operator. But Mr. Morshead's watchman is a superior person, and has a soul, and this is what he says:—

> For in the place of sleep
> Stands Fear as my Familiar, and repels
> The soft repose that would assuage mine eyes.
> And if at whiles, for the lost balm of sleep
> I medicine my soul with melody
> Of trill or song—anon to tears I turn
> Wailing the woe that broods upon this home,
> Unguided now, by honour, as of old.

Presently he sees the beacon aflame. "Hail, light of night showing the radiance of day, and ordaining many dances in Argos," he gleefully exclaims—according to Æschylus—but according to Mr. Morshead:—

> Fire of the night, that brings my spirit day,
> Shedding on Argos light, and dance, and song.

The lines are good lines, but as a mere question of artistic propriety who would not prefer Mr. Browning's uncouth veracity?

We have taken this speech not as an especially remarkable instance of Mr. Morshead's method, but because it begins the book. The fatal falseness of the method has perhaps its strongest exemplification in the oracular chorus which with its intentionally mystic obscurity and veiled meanings must have been meant to be but semi-intelligible to the audience, attuning their minds to the coming tragedy by mysterious forebodings, but not revealing too much of the story beforehand. Even the lucid Miss Swanwick, when she deals with this chorus, announces in a footnote her intention of being obscure—although she is unable wholly to adhere to her resolution. Mr. Browning, we need scarcely say, does the most ample justice to the bewildering effort of the original. Mr. Morshead sails off smoothly with four-lined stanzas and, in a neat poem without jar or puzzle, makes the oracle of Calchas clear to the humblest capacity and rather agreeable reading. Cassandra herself may not rave too roughly and must do her metaphors prettily. "Behold! behold! keep the bull from the cow!" she screams in her Pythonic frenzy, as she seems to see the murder which is presently to be. "In the robes having caught him, the black-horned, by a trick," (or, differently read "having caught him with her cunning black horn") "she strikes, and he falls in the water-filled bath!" Then, the vision passing, she says, as if by way of explanation to the chorus, no longer in the fantastic language Greek religion ascribed to prophecy, though still unintelligibly. "I am telling you the event of a treacherously murderous bath." This is Mr. Morshead's suave translation:—

> Away, away—keep him away—
> The monarch of the herd, the pasture's pride,
> Far from his mate! In treach'rous wrath,
> Muffling his swarthy horns, with secret scathe,
> She gores his fenceless side!
> Hark! in the brimming bath,
> The heavy plash—the dying cry—
> Hark—in the laver—hark, he falls by treachery!

Compare with this, and with the tritely literal prose rendering given above, Mr. Browning's spirited and exact "transcript"—not very coherent, but rather more so than the original, not very graceful, but again rather more so than the original:—

> How! How!
> See—see quick!
> Keep the bull from the cow!
> In the vesture she, catching him, strikes him now
> With the black-horned trick,
> And he falls in the watery vase!
> Of the craft-killing cauldron I tell thee the case!

Which best fulfils dramatic fitness? Which is Æschylus? It must be owned that according to customary pronunciation, vase and case are not comfortable rhymes, but after all what is rhyme compared to reason? And is Mr. Morshead's speech for Cassandra at such a mad moment in the least reasonable? We have seen the interpolation, "The monarch of the herd, the pasture's pride," the omission of the bull and the cow, praised as a felicitous version, putting Mr. Browning's ruder accuracy to shame. Apparently it had not struck the critic that it would have been strangely inappropriate for the possessed woman looking on in the spirit at the slaughter of Agamemnon to go out of her way to describe in metaphor his stateliness or his greatness. Cassandra says bull and cow, instead of man and woman, because she speaks the prophetic language, which avoids calling things by their right names, but she is too much absorbed in the agony of her vision to expatiate and pay compliments. To the Greek mind, of course, not accustomed to look on bulls and cows only from the point of view of beef and milk, but regarding them as the useful equals of the horse, and above all as the highest sort of sacrificial offering, the use of these names to symbolise Agamemnon and Clytemnestra would present nothing coarse or ludicrous, but if a similar use in English seem inexpedient the substitution of some animal we regard as poetical—the lion or the lioness for instance—would have better represented the original and with less dramatic irrelevancy than the circulatory phraseology Mr. Morshead's timidity has selected. And as to Mr. Browning's rendering it can only be urged that if he says "keep the bull from the cow" instead of something more polished, his reason, apparently, is that precisely that and not anything more polished is what Æschylus said. It may be a question whether Æschylus had better have said "the monarch of the herd" and the other things; it can scarcely be a question whether a translator should say them for him. We cannot express any gratitude to Mr. Morshead for his adaptation of the Agamemnon. Gin with water and sugar may be a pleasanter and for the matter of that a wholesomer beverage than gin alone, but the magistrates seem to be of opinion that when a man proposes to sell you gin it is to be gin and not a compound of his own. If Mr. Morshead really wished in translating the Agamemnon to help "one or two of those to whom the original is a closed book, to share its treasures," he should have translated, not amplified and altered.

Of the translation which we have been chiefly criticising it may be said that since, not to speak of other translators who have achieved like Mr. Morshead readable English and who have, better or worse than he, combined with that fidelity to the original, we have Miss Swanwick's excellently poetical as well as careful version, there seems to be no particular reason for its existence. Of Mr. Browning's translation we cannot ask why it should exist. Good or bad it stands alone. No one has done what he has done, no one has even tried to do it. With a determination and a minute accuracy which approach the miraculous he has trodden step by step in the footprints of his elected leader. He has added nothing, altered nothing, omitted nothing. He has done by Æschylus as he would have had Æschylus do by him if each had been the other. And no poet will dispute his theory of translation. A poet would no more wish to be changed and embellished to the taste and after the likeness of his translator than a woman aware of beauty would wish to have her portrait painted up to the type of another, even if a fairer woman. Like the pretty woman he wants his own characteristics, his own charms, even the gracious irregularities that mar the details but make the whole, accurately but lovingly reproduced. And the self-sacrificing labour of such a reproduction of one poet by another is rare and very great. We have it here, and with a Browning to devote this labour upon an Æschylus the result ought to have been one of the most magnificent poems in the English language. But alas! we have only the most magnificent of "cribs." Considered as a help and teacher to a student no such version of any author in any language has ever been produced in prose or in verse. Line by line, word by word, the pupil may trace the text in Mr. Browning's words. The reader learned in Greek but no poet may find the subtle inner sense no lexicon could give him nor he himself supply, and the reader helped by poetic instinct but little versed in Greek will find the verbal key he needed, and be moved by the intenseness of meaning shown him in each word to a perception which he would not have had alone. But the reader who knows no Greek at all will be left bewildered and incredulous. For Mr. Browning's translation—in that much like a literal prose crib—needs the Greek text to explain it. And it needs it in consequence not merely of the word-to-word severity which at times must make any absolutely literal translation seem disjointed and confused but in consequence of obscurity for which Mr. Browning's idiosyncracies rather than his theory of translation are responsible.

On this we must say more at another opportunity, for Mr. Browning is not to be dismissed with an unexplained statement of this sort. He gives us a boon and if we do not accept it with simple thanks we are bound to give faithful reasons why.

LESSING.

Lessing. By James Sime. In Two Volumes. London: Trübner and Co. 1877.

We are the less surprised that the history of Lessing's life should have been left so long untold when we come seriously to consider the qualifications needed by his biographer. If the great critic had been merely learned, he would doubtless have found learned men enough ready to sing his praise; or if, on the other hand, he had been no more than a brilliant wit, others who pride themselves on a like possession would have been glad to have had the opportunity of paying honour both to him and to themselves. But there is something in Lessing's personality that is a terror not less to pedantry than to ignorance. No man was ever so intolerant of the kind of wisdom that rejoices in its remoteness from common human sympathies, and no critic could be more pitiless towards self-sufficient and empty intellectual display. The combination of wide knowledge and perfect suppleness of understanding which he possessed must be also the possession, in some degree at least, of any historian who affects to give us a complete portrait of the man as he lived. During a life of unceasing activity Lessing laboured in many fields, and we naturally desire to know what in each was the harvest that he reaped and stored away for his successors. There was scarcely any department of learning that he did not invade, or wherein his invasion was not fruitful of change and progress. And when we turn to the realm of art we find that here again nearly all modern effort owes something to his initiative. As a dramatist he laid the foundation of the modern German drama, while as a critic of art he appeals to a still wider circle, and he may be said to have established not merely for Germany, but for Europe, the enduring foundations upon which the rich fabric of modern criticism has been reared. To do full justice to the life of such a man, therefore, required greater research and knowledge than are commonly found in a biographer; it required also a sympathy with the free nature and social temper of the man which profound students too often lack; and it is precisely because Mr. Sime appreciates these requirements, and unites in himself these opposite qualities, that he has been able to present to us such a faithful portrait of Lessing, and such a comprehensive report of his works. The style in which these volumes are written is studiously reserved, the learning that underlies them is never obtruded; but the simple diction is lit up by a steady enthusiasm, and where the fruits of individual research are needed they are ungrudgingly supplied. Mr. Sime does not belong to the class of biographers who must be for ever in the posture of adoration. He is ever mindful in his praises of the temper of the man whom he has undertaken to honour, and he does not care to disgust his readers with mere eulogy of all that he relates. This element of sanity in his style is not merely welcome in itself, but it has a peculiar fitness in its application. Lessing himself was the sanest of critics, the least disposed to be blind to the defects of what he loved, or to forget the virtues of what was unsympathetic to him. With a temperament peculiarly eager there was also associated a vision always calm and penetrating, and we find passages in his letters quoted by Mr. Sime which show that he could deal as justly and dispassionately with his own talent as with the talent of others. "People often do me the honour," he writes, "to recognise me as a poet, but only because they do not understand me. They ought not to draw such generous conclusions from some dramatic attempts I have made. Not everyone who takes the brush in hand and scatters colours is a painter. The oldest of these attempts were written in the years in which one so gladly takes pleasure and facility for genius. With respect to what is tolerable in my more recent efforts I am conscious that I owe it solely to criticism. I do not feel in me the living fountain which works upwards by its own force, shoots up by its own force into such rich, such fresh, such pure, streams; I must force everything out of me by the fly press and pipes. I should be so poor, so cold, so short-sighted, if I had not to some extent learned modestly to borrow treasures from others, to warm myself at others' fires, and by the glasses of art to strengthen my eyes." Such sentences as these are two keen and incisive to be accepted as a coy disclaimer of false modesty; they have in them just that element of truth which proves their absolute candour, and when we remember that the man who spoke thus of himself was recognised as a great poet we may form some idea of the intellectual and moral height of Lessing's nature.

Mr. Sime is, in the main, prepared to agree with this self-imposed verdict upon Lessing's place in literature. He will not, indeed, go so far as to admit all that is here declared, but he allows that Lessing was not a poet of the highest rank. His dramas, we are told, "lack that spontaneity, that absolute freedom of movement, which is the note of the greatest art. His characters have life, but only so much as he has deliberately endowed them with; they do not suggest a world below and behind that which exists on the surface. And it is but rarely that his words, by one of those sudden strokes which are common in every supreme poet,

reveal as by a lightning flash the strange and unsuspected deeps of the human spirit." That his judgment is not the result of an imperfect sympathy with Lessing's dramatic efforts the elaborate and admirable analyses of Minna von Barnhelm, Emilia Galotti, and Nathan the Wise suffice to show. But if we rightly interpret Mr. Sime's position we should miss the deepest significance of these works if we did not take even greater heed of the critical principles of which they are in some sense the offspring. Lessing's dramas are the efforts of a great critic endowed with so much creative power that he was able himself to accomplish a part of what was waiting to be done. He was too well equipped for the battle to be content to remain merely an interested spectator of what was proceeding, but his essays as a dramatist, admirable as they were in themselves, were of even greater service in the extra vitality and force that they lent to his criticisms. Mr. Sime, indeed, leaves the reader in no doubt that it is as a great critic that Lessing still survives as a living force. His experiments as an artist were perhaps more useful to his own time than we now can rightly reckon, but we should grasp only one side of his greatness if we were to consider his achievement merely in relation to the particular needs of the age in which he lived. He laboured not only for Germany, but for Europe, and for our own time not less than for the eighteenth century. The temper with which he informed the function of the critic is almost as rare as the highest creative genius. The first to claim for his countrymen freedom from the slavery of an outworn convention, he was also the first to protest against the license that follows in the wake of freedom. He found his countrymen in bondage to the narrow rules which had controlled the imaginative literature of France, and, by directing their thought to the masterpieces of English drama, he showed them a way of escape. By example, as far as he was able, by precept where example failed, he led the writers and the public of Germany back to a new vision of nature, and to a new study of the great master whose imagination most willingly and frankly owned its debt to nature. Before he was thirty years old, he wrote "if the masterpieces of Shakespeare, with some modest changes, had been translated, I am convinced that better consequences would have followed than could follow from acquaintance with Corneille and Racine. In the first place, the people would have taken far more pleasure in the former than they can take in the latter; and, in the second place, the former would have awakened quite different minds among us from those whom the latter have awakened. For genius can only be kindled by genius, and most easily by a genius which seems to have to thank nature for everything, and does not frighten us away by the tedious perfections of art." Four years later Lessing developed this text in the *Hamburgische Dramaturgie*, but in a little while the gospel he had preached was destined to be woefully caricatured by the lawless extravagances of the "Sturm und Drang" movement, and we know of no higher testimony to the balance and sanity of his critical temper than is afforded by the fact that he was as ready to chastise those riotous professors of genius as he had been formerly eager to satirise the dull exponents of an outworn law.

Lessing's labours as a critic were not limited to the field of imaginative literature, though it is here, as we think, that his utterances have the greatest power and authority. The *Laocoon*, in spite of the suggestiveness of much that it contains, lacks the force of a real insight into the modes of the art which it discusses. Lessing speaks of sculpture and painting without ever realising the attitude of the sculptor or painter; the distinctions that he draws are so far pedantic that they have a false and fictitious starting-point, and they are therefore often insignificant, if not untrue. If he had better appreciated the aim and conditions of plastic art he might have avoided many of his arguments, and have developed other lines of thought that he scarcely hints at. As to his other labours in the wider fields of philosophy and religion, we have here neither the means nor the space to follow the course of Mr. Sime's biography, nor can we do more than hint at the interest which attaches to the purely personal incidents of Lessing's career. His love for Eva König, their marriage, and her untimely death, are told with earnest and unaffected sympathy. We have vivid sketches of the domestic life of the great critic, and we are allowed by the witness of his contemporaries to realise his social charm and grace. It was only fitting that the man who strove so untiringly to give form and harmony to German life and literature should be himself a living illustration of these qualities, and that he was so no reader of Mr. Sime's volumes will be able to doubt.

THE SCHOOL OF SHAKESPEARE.

The School of Shakspere. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Richard Simpson, B.A. In Two Volumes. London: Chatto and Windus.

These two gaily-covered volumes are the legacy of a man who laboured long and faithfully in the field of Elizabethan literature. Mr. Simpson was one of those unassuming students who never receive their due reward in the shape of popular recognition. Several men who are, comparatively speaking, "quacks," are listened to with much more deference in his favourite subject than was ever accorded to him, because they understand very much better and have no scruples about practising the art of keeping their names before the public. We gradually acquire a certain kindly feeling for men whom we are in the habit of laughing at, and Mr. Simpson had no startling eccentricities wherewith to earn public gratitude as a familiar butt. Yet he was unmistakably an original thinker in his own department of work. In his study of matters relating to Shakespeare, he struck out a distinct line for himself. He recognised that the labours of Malone, and of Mr. Collier, and Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, had left little or nothing to be gleaned in the way of direct reference to Shakespeare; his mind was of much too logical a cast to take any pleasure in spinning theories from "internal evidence;" so he went to work in a more or less scientific spirit to study the external conditions under which Shakespeare wrote for the stage—the literary and theatrical "environment" of the dramatist. This made Mr. Simpson much more than a mere promiscuous Micawber sort of antiqnary. He investigated with definite objects, with a firm hold of definite clues. What those objects and clues were he states with his usual unostentatious brevity and clearness in the preliminary notice to his so-called 'School of Shakspere.' He set to work to study the doings of the companies of players with which Shakespeare was associated. It was the custom then, as everyone knows, for companies to be formed under some great man's patronage; thus, there were the Earl of Sussex's players, Lord Strange's players, the Earl of Pembroke's players, and so forth. The stage, at that time, served to some extent the purpose of the Press, and the companies ministered to the political ends as well as to the entertainment of their patrons. Two of these companies acquired a great pre-eminence in 1594, the Lord Chamberlain's and the Lord Admiral's (Lord Strange's company, as Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps has pointed out, being amalgamated with Lord Hunsdon's in that year). Shakespeare was connected with the Lord Chamberlain's; Henslowe and Alleyn were the managers of the Lord Admiral's. The plays produced by the Lord Chamberlain's company are what Mr. Simpson more particularly means by the School of Shakespeare. He finds traces in them of Shakespeare's presiding direction. Shakespeare, he contends, secured for them "an artistic, philosophic, and political unity," strongly in contrast with the plays of the stage of Henslowe, who, he says, had "an illiterate and commercial character," and cared only for what suited the popular taste at the moment. "When we regard them as a whole, the plays of the Lord Chamberlain's company are characterised by com-

mon sense, moderation, naturalness, and the absence of bombast, and by a great artistic liberty of form, of matter, and of criticism; at the same time they favour liberty in politics and toleration in religion, and are consistently opposed to the Cecilian ideal in policy, while they as consistently favour that school to which Essex was attached."

Perhaps the only person competent to give an opinion off-hand upon the precise worth of this theory, which has great *à priori* plausibility, and is at any rate a good working hypothesis, is Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps. Of the lengths to which Mr. Simpson was prepared to go in the application of it, we have an example in the case of the *Famous History of the Life and Death of Captain Thomas Stukeley*, reprinted in the first of these volumes. He has no positive evidence that this play was ever acted by the Lord Chamberlain's servants, but he infers that it was from its political affinity with the *Alarum for London*, which he knows to have been so acted. The inference is supported by the form of the play, which is constructed on the same plan as the biographical plays of *Sir Thomas More*, *Thomas Lord Cromwell*, and *Pericles*, a form which seems to have been a speciality of the plays brought out by the Lord Chamberlain's company. Having settled that it is one of this company's plays, Mr. Simpson next proceeds to indicate traces of Shakespeare's hand in the workmanship. His theory is that Shakespeare as the dramatist of the company, the *Johannes factotum*, as Greene called him in 1592, must often have been employed in sketching plays, writing speeches, scenes, acts, as circumstances demanded, and in the case of plays for an occasion often writing with a free hand and beneath the level of his fully-exerted powers. We quite agree with Mr. Simpson that there is much in the play of Stukeley which may reasonably be supposed to have been written by Shakespeare under these conditions. One would not like to go the length of saying positively that the construction must have been Shakespeare's, but the general lines of the plot have all his breadth and distinctness. It may safely be affirmed that Shakespeare must have sketched many plays for temporary purposes, and that this is likely enough to have been one of them. Much of the writing, too, would pass for his. Take, for example, the following speech:—

> He is the substance of my shadowed love,
> I but a cypher in respect of him.
> You give me your consent, but he gains hers:
> You wed me to her hand, he hath her heart.
> Oh what a wrong in you were this to her
> Being your child, and hope of after joy!
> Oh what a wrong in me were this to him
> Being my friend, my dear esteemed friend,
> To rob her of her heart's best happiness,
> Him of the good his gracious fortune gives,
> If I should hinder him, or you keep her
> From this right match, which reason doth prefer.

Whether Mr. Simpson is right or wrong in attributing to Shakespeare a share in the composition of Stukeley, the play is worth reprinting for Shakespearian students; and the biography which Mr. Simpson supplies, from new sources, of the hero, who was in his way one of the most remarkable figures of the time, is a valuable addition to the biographies of English worthies.

Another important play in these volumes is *Histriomastix*. This is connected with another of Mr. Simpson's special lines of research—the quarrels of Elizabethan dramatists, and their hits at one another in their plays. In ferreting out and piecing together their bitter allusions, Mr. Simpson shows great ingenuity, along with a disposition to push conclusions too far—and too absolutely. As a guide to the tangled labyrinth of personalities, complicated by the fact that dramatists who were friends one day might be enemies the next, Mr. Simpson has recognised a cause of division into rival camps which has struck more than one close student of the literature. There was bitter rivalry between University playwrights and "unlearned" playwrights, the bitterness being chiefly on the side of the former, who considered that nobody without a University education could possibly have any pretension to be an author. It was enough for players that they should speak the words which gentlemen of education put into their mouths; it was intolerable that they, who were simply puppets dressed up in the feathers of the learned, should write plays for themselves, and should even dare to grapple with classical subjects, which they could get at only through the medium of translations. Up till 1592, Greene was the leader of this University faction, and Shakespeare, as the most prominent of the illiterate playwrights, was the especial object of his contemptuous ridicule and denunciation. As regards this broad and interesting quarrel, Mr. Simpson is on solid ground, and his illustrations of the various attacks and retorts are a triumph of ingenuity and scholarship. But he mixes up with this two other matters, in one of which he seems to us to go beyond the evidence, and in the other to go perversely in the teeth of the evidence. It is in no respect essential to his case to establish for Shakespeare an earlier authorship than is commonly assigned. We do not say that he is wrong; we simply say that there is no evidence one way or the other, and that the hypothesis of a long-continued rivalry between Shakespeare and Greene, which culminated at last in the well-known outbreak of 1592, need not be carried back so far as Mr. Simpson seems to have been disposed to do. His notion that Shakespeare abandoned the stage for a time while it was occupied with the scurrilities of the Martin Marprelate controversy, seems to us a purely fanciful supposition. We go the length of calling it perverse, because it is founded on a supposed allusion in the *Tears of the Muses* to Shakespeare as "our pleasant Willy." It has been proved to demonstration that the person so alluded to was Sir Philip Sidney, any doubt that might have rested on this most intrinsically probable conjecture being removed by the detection of a lament for Sidney, in which his loss is deplored under that very name. Those who have read enough Elizabethan literature to enter into its spirit can understand that to have alluded to a poet whose real name was William, under the pastoral title of Willy, would have been a bathos only a shade less ridiculous than applying the pretty pseudonym to a poet whose surname was Lily, which Mr. Furnivall assures us it was, in the opinion of "the best critics," Spenser's intention to do in this case. Spenser was not called Neddy in pastoral poetry, nor Sidney Phippy, nor Drayton Micky, nor Daniel Sammy. In what light would Mr. Furnivall have looked upon an allusion to himself in his critical capacity as "our pleasant Funny?" One is surprised that Mr. Simpson, who saw the antagonism between gowned and ungowned playwrights, learned men and mother wits, should have failed to see that the *Tears of the Muses*, so far from containing an apology for Shakespeare, is really a strong protest from the side of the University. The very calamity at which the Muses are supposed to be weeping is the fact that the stage has been taken possession of by illiterate men, when

> Each idle wit at will presumes to make,
> And doth the learned's task upon him take.

We suspect that the grounds of this quarrel must have struck him rather late in his study of Elizabethan literature, otherwise he could hardly have missed seeing the purport of Spenser's poem. He might also have discovered the force of Shakespeare's retort in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, where he introduces

> The thrice-three Muses mourning for the death
> Of Learning late deceased in beggary.

That with all Mr. Simpson's keen-sighted ingenuity he should have missed this, is a wonderful instance of the perverting power of preconceived ideas.

The cry raised by Greene and also by the recluse Spenser, who living mostly in Ireland could know the quality of the player's plays only by report, was taken up again very furiously in the last years of the century. How bitter the controversy was, on the side of the University playwrights, we learn from Act ii. of *Hamlet*, where Shakespeare makes Rosencrantz say that they have almost frightened fashionable people from going to the public plays and are trying to run the choir children

against the professional actors. The play of *Histrio-mastix* is an incident in this later heat of the controversy. The player-poet is there satirised under the name of Post-hast, who is made to represent before Mavortius some such doggrel as Bottom and his fellows represented before Theseus, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Mr. Simpson might have identified Mavortius with Essex—he is called Mavortio in Cyril Tourneur's *Transformed Metamorphosis*, recently reprinted by Mr. Churton Collins. Post-hast is almost certainly meant for Shakespeare. The author or authors probably saw great fun in thus turning Shakespeare's ridicule of artisan playwrights against himself, and considered themselves quite even with him for his hit at "Learning late deceased in beggary." In identifying Chrisoganus, the model of a learned poet in *Histrio-mastix*, with Jonson, Mr. Simpson seems to us to commit the error of looking at Jonson through modern spectacles. Jonson's learning was not established and recognised in 1599; he was then as open to the jeers of University scholars as Shakespeare himself. The learned Chrisoganus may stand for Marston, as Mr. Simpson supposes, or he may stand for Chapman, who about that time was beginning to try his hand at plays, and who obtained employment not from the Lord Chamberlain's management, but from Henslowe. The words—

> How your translating scholar? You can make
> A stabbing satire, or an epigram—

apply at least as pointedly to Chapman as to Marston. It is a mistake to try to bind down these allusions too absolutely to one meaning.

COLUMBIA AND CANADA.

Notes on the Great Republic and the New Dominion. By W. Fraser Rae. London: Daldy, Isbister, and Co. 1877.

Mr. Rae is an old traveller in North America, and the present volume is a supplement to a previous work called 'Westward by Rail.' It is full of interest to the general reader; it is by no means devoid of literary merit, and will be welcome to those who watch the course of events in the countries it describes. It appears that the closer we are drawn to each other, the farther we are thrust asunder. There was a time when, before the era of swift ocean steamers or the submarine telegraph, our people flocked in hundreds of thousands a-year to the Great Republic, and our capitalists sent over their money in millions of pounds whenever a new railway was to be built, silver or copper mines to be opened, or a new pavement to be put down. All is now changed. General Choke is dead, Mr. La Fayette Kettle is no more, and the general movement is much less than it has been known for many years. Why has the current of emigration almost ceased? How is it that English capital no longer finds itself attracted to the United States? These are questions of great importance to us, and the attentive reader may find conclusive answers to them in Mr. Rae's volume. Since the author's visit in 1869, a good many things have happened, as he informs us; among them the dislodgment of Mr. Tweed and his friends from public offices of trust in the city of New York. That person, as we all know, was cast into prison and ordered to refund the small sum of 6,000,000 dols.; we know of his escape, and of his re-capture; but for all that, Mr. Rae tells us that a visitor does not perceive much external improvement in the city, the streets are still as wretchedly paved now as they were in the days when much of the money charged for doing public work remained in the pockets of the contractors. It is still very profitable to get a contract for paving. One particular wood-paving company executed a portion of work for the sum of 1,500,000 dols., the nett profit of which amounted to exactly one-half that sum. The Court House, on which 12,000,000 dols. were nominally expended during the reign of Tweed, remains unfinished; the debt of the Corporation, which in 1870 amounted to some 55,000,000 dols., now exceeds 160,000,000 dols., and the citizens are beginning to discover that the new City Government which was to be a pattern of purity is about as infamous for roguery as the one that it supplanted. There was to have been a statue erected in the Central Park of Mr. Tweed, but the idea has been abandoned, and in its place the public are provided with a collection of wild beasts. This has added to the expenses of the Corporation—the keep of the elephant alone costs 250 dols. a-year, the bear 150 dols., the lion 120 dols.—and as there are now some 626 of these creatures, the outlay is serious.

Following these particulars, Mr. Rae gives us to understand that there are considerable complaints among artificers about the scarcity of work, and brings up the idea of the dreadful calamity that might happen if the wild beasts in the managerie of the Central Park were to be reduced to starvation, and let loose to find their own living, but yet he thinks that, great as that calamity might be, it would be much less than might come from the starvation of half a million democrats. We are not quite sure if our author has any deep design in the arrangement of his facts and figures, but it would seem to be so, for he immediately proceeds to relate the opinion of an Australian bishop on the grandeur of the marble cathedral dedicated to St. Patrick, and which cost 2,000,000 dols. The Rev. Dr. McGibbon declares that "this is a sinful waste, and a practical notice to the poor that here the Gospel and the Ordinances of Christ are intended only for the rich." Then we hear of the marble palace of the late Mr. Stewart, erected in Broadway, for the sale of all kinds of drapery, out of which Mr. Stewart made a colossal fortune, not a farthing of which has been left for the adornment or benefit of the city in which he made it. The office of the *New York Herald* was once a conspicuous marble edifice, and one of the sights when Mr. Rae first visited New York. The office of the *New York Tribune* is now, however, a counter-attraction, and the pages devoted to the "Press of the Empire City" will be read with no small interest. On the whole, we cannot say much for the summary that Mr. Rae gives us of the progress made during the past eight years in New York. It is briefly this:—"Mr. Tweed has been deposed and imprisoned; Mr. James Fisk, jun., has been shot; other notorious citizens have carried off their ill-gotten gains to Europe; the debt of the city has been more than trebled; two new religions have been started, and there have been built a handsome post-office, many beautiful churches, a central railway station, several new hotels, a public library, and a newspaper office which may be styled monumental; a railway carries passengers above the streets instead of underneath them as in London; wild beasts have been collected in the Central Park, and an aquarium has been erected in Broadway." On his next visit the writer will probably be able to tell us of an addition to all these splendours in the form of a Cleopatra's Needle. Perhaps the most entertaining chapters in the book are those devoted to the City of Brotherly Love, and the International Exhibition, to comemmorate the year of national jubilee. Mr. Frith's picture, of all the pictures in the Memorial Hall, of the "Marriage of the Prince of Wales," "attracted the most notice." The "Railway Station," by the same artist, came in for much less attention. But, "pointing it out to some friends, I remarked that the sum of 20,000*l.* had been realised by the sale and exhibition of the picture, some bystanders overheard the remark, and one of them said to me, 'Is that really so, Sir?' Replying that I believed the fact to be as I had stated, he communicated the information to others, the result being that in a few minutes the picture attracted a dense crowd of gazers lost in admiration." This will be very gratifying to Mr. Frith. Mr. Rae makes no use of these facts, and leaves us all to draw our own conclusions from them. One of the exhibits in the Agricultural Hall was "a live American eagle." The bird's name is "Old Abe;" he had been attached to the 8th Wisconsin Regiment, and was present at thirty-five battles. Colonel Wood, of Philadelphia, offered 10,000 dols. for him, Barnum 20,000 dols., but the State of

Wisconsin refused to part with him. "He is maintained by the State, eats once a-day, and will not touch anything except fresh fish, fowl, or veal. Despite his personal merits and services, this bird seemed to me out of place in an international exhibition." Franklin used to protest against the eagle being the symbol of his native land, on the ground that "he is a bird of bad moral character, and does not get his living honestly."

Mr. Rae says that the most conspicuous advertisers at the Exhibition were the persons who provided pills and caskets—casket being another word for coffin—and next to these in pertinacity were the proprietors of the "Gettysburg Katalysine." This was a water which "was in no way distinguishable from that found in our domestic springs and wells, except by its effects on the diseased human system." "I tasted this fluid," observes Mr. Rae, "which did not differ from ordinary water." Other particulars are given that are very well worth attention, and which prove Franklin to be somewhat wrong in that matter of the eagle. During the six months the Exhibition was open, five of the restaurants sold upwards of 400 tons of bread, 400 tons of beef, 20 tons of fresh fish, and, notwithstanding liquor laws and teetotallers, there were sold 400,000 gallons of beer. This may be accounted for by the fact that no less than 8,500 Knights Templars visited the show, and the remarks upon them are worth reading, more particularly those which refer to their bands of music, and the effect they produced; "they appeared to be thoroughly pleased with themselves and the world at large," and assured Mr. Rae that they "had had a real good time." The chapter on the District of Columbia, although the shortest in the book, is full of interest. That district, wherein the city of Washington is situated, covers an area of sixty square miles, with a population in 1870 of 131,000. The odd part of the statement is that, albeit these citizens are taxed like all others, they are not represented in the Congress which governs them. When critics on the other side of the Atlantic ridicule the representative system of the United Kingdom, they may be fairly asked to look at the district of Columbia. Colorado, Nevada, and even Nebraska, are all much smaller States in their populations than Columbia, and yet they are represented, and Columbia is not. And no one seems to care for an anomaly such as this.

One-third of Mr. Rae's book is devoted to Canada, and is written with equal care and discrimination. The author's sympathies are keenly enlisted on behalf of the Canadians; he is much surprised to learn that not a single native-born Canadian has yet been made a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, and, while there are many cases in which Canadian statesmen might be fitly entrusted with the discharge of imperial functions, he has not heard of any such appointment having been made, or even thought of, by the Home Government. Mr. Rae's reflections will be profitably read in connexion with a speech recently delivered in Manitoba, in which Lord Dufferin is reported to have said that he "regarded that State as the keystone of that mighty arch of sister provinces which spans the Continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It was here," the noble lord went on to say, "that Canada, emerging from her woods and forests, first gazed upon her rolling prairies and unexplored North-West, and learnt, as by an unexpected revelation, that her historical territories of the Canadas, the Eastern seaboards of New Brunswick, Labrador, and Nova Scotia, the Laurentian lakes and valleys, corn fields, and pastures, though themselves more extensive than half-a-dozen European kingdoms, were but the vestibules and ante-chambers to that, till then, undreamt-of dominion, whose illimitable dimensions alike confirmed the arithmetic of the surveyor and the verification of the explorer. It was here that, counting her past achievements as but the preface and prelude to her future exertions and expanding destinies, she took a fresh departure, received the afflatus of a more Imperial inspiration, and felt herself no longer a mere settler along the bank of a single river, but the owner of half a continent, and in the amplitude of her possession, in the wealth of her resources, in the sinews of her material might, the peer of any power on the earth."

We call attention to this speech of the eloquent Governor-General of Canada, because Mr. Rae's book deals with some of the positions there taken up. There is something in the climate of Canada which as much affects the imagination of public men and writers as it affects the green leaves of the maple, and which can give to rottenness a fine bloom, and make decay itself put on a blaze of golden glory. We shall be heartily glad to call Canada "the peer of any power on the earth" when its public men rise above party meanness, and are as much above suspicion in the discharge of their duty as their professions of honesty are loud and frequent—above all, when there is no complaining in their streets, and when there is established in the Dominion that freedom of industry without which there can be no progress in the highest and best sense; and, finally, when the Canadians come to look with the same wholesome horror on a protected manufacturer as they used to look on the protected owner of slaves.

RECENT NOVELS.

A Laggard in Love. By Annie Thomas. London: Chapman and Hall.

A Thing of Beauty. By Mrs. Alexander Fraser, Authoress of 'Her Plighted Troth.' London: Hurst and Blackett.

The story of Mrs. Cudlip's new novel is in the highest degree complicated, not so much by any hidden mystery of plot as by the number of characters she brings into the field. When the story opens, we are introduced to the family of the Rev. Oliver Galton, on the last day of their holiday at an "unfrequented seaside village on the eastern coast." From the Rev. Oliver's grumbling over the hotel bill, we are at once made aware that the Rev. Oliver is the possessor of a peculiarly disagreeable temper, which is very trying to his patient, enduring wife, and to his eldest daughter, Isabel, but which is quietly humoured and managed by his other daughter, Grace, who belongs to the crafty, deceitful type which Becky Sharpe first introduced to the world. The Rev. Oliver is of course wretchedly poor, but on his arrival home, in the end of the first chapter, he finds that his cousin and the cousin's two sons are dead, and that he is a baronet with a rent-roll of sixteen thousand a-year. Now the hero appears upon the scene in the person of the Rev.—now Sir—Oliver's son, Rowley, who proves himself "a laggard in love" by a sort of shilly-shallying attachment to the widow of the dead cousin, Lady Annie Galton, whom he had loved before her marriage. The course of their love is chiefly disturbed by the hero's pursuit of a very serious flirtation with a friend of the family, Alice Adair, a charming girl, whom everyone in the house likes, but whom most readers will only succeed in disliking heartily for her stuck-up *doctrinaire* habit of lecturing everybody upon everything on the slightest possible provocation. Through his laggardliness, Rowley cannot bring himself to the decisive step of proposing for Annie, who, although herself in love with him, persists in assuming him to be engaged to Alice Adair, an idea which he is anxious to remove, and yet for some unaccountable reason it never occurs to him to contradict it. In the mean time, Sir Oliver has muddled away all his newly-acquired fortune, and gone raving mad, and has to be watched carefully. On one occasion, however, Alice Adair, who is mounting guard over him, falls asleep, the lunatic escapes, and, coming across Annie, with whose mother he had been in love when a young man, he attempts to kill her. Annie is rescued just in time by Rowley, but the shock and the terror have turned her brain, and she too is hopelessly mad. Rowley of course marries Alice Adair, though he occasionally visits poor Annie in the madhouse. Sir Oliver dies, the rest of the characters pair off somehow, and so the book comes drearily and disappointingly to

an end. We say disappointingly, for the novel is clever, and so painful and cynical an ending was scarcely to be expected from anything that preceded it. The sudden insanity of Annie comes like a blow, and Rowley's subsequent marriage with the disagreeably good Alice is still more unpleasant. If Mrs. Pender Cudlip's purpose was merely to show that in life there are a great many very contemptible people, and that average humanity is not made up of heroes and heroines, she has done so very well, but this has been done very often before, and the theme is too old to be very interesting, and Mrs. Cudlip can do much better than this. There is almost no one in the story who can be really liked, except Annie; the others are either contemptible like Rowley, or disagreeable like Alice, or unpleasant like Grace, or colourless like Isabel, or not sufficiently worked out like Rhoda Norris, the pretty country girl, who falls in love with Mr. Grainger, the artist, and marries Alice's brother Wallace, when Mr. Grainger marries Grace. Besides this multiplicity of characters, there is also a disagreeable elderly companion to Annie's mother, who is in love with Annie's brother Albert, who is himself in love with Alice Adair. In fact, the number of the characters, and the extraordinary way in which they are united, like the various characters in "the House that Jack built," by the common bond of all being in love with each other generally, and mostly marrying the wrong persons, make 'A Laggard in Love' occasionally somewhat puzzling reading. Still it is a clever story, with a great deal of bright writing, which is especially to be found in the bits of description whether of people or of places which occur here and there, and are executed with much artistic skill. But Mrs. Cudlip has done much better than this, and will, we hope, do much better yet. In the school of novel-writing to which she belongs, she holds one of the highest places, and it is regrettable that her talent should be devoted to the production of so very painful a story.

Miss Broughton may well pray to be saved from her imitators. 'A Thing of Beauty' is so close an imitation of her mannerisms, without any of her redeeming genius, that it might pass for a skit. It follows her lead from the tiresome way of writing in the present tense, down to the description of the heroine, who rejoices in the pleasing and ladylike name of "Val." She is "the thing of beauty," and the attributes that make her so are "two large, black, passionate eyes, with a sort of tawny light in their gleaming depths, a little Greek nose, a skin of snow, a delicious rose-petal bloom, a red mouth like a child's, a glisten of small white teeth, and a tangle of russet-brown hair." These russet locks and tawny eyes are constantly referred to in the story, as if there was anything new in the words "russet" or "tawny"—anything pretty, or even startling, except in the absurdity of their being applied to locks and eyes. "A thing of beauty," it is almost needless to say, has a selfish and much-disliked father, a meek and long-suffering mother, and some tiresome brothers and sisters. Luckily for the patience of her readers, Mrs. Alexander Fraser carries her heroine away from home at the seventy-eighth page, with her selfish father, and plants her at Spa. Before she goes abroad she is persuaded into a sort of engagement by the usual worthy and devoted but uninteresting lover, but is relieved at getting away from him, and much disturbed at his suggesting that he should follow her in a week or two. In a week or two Val has to all intents and purposes forgotten him, and is flirting with "a typical Englishman of the best social class—one in whom the culture of generations is as apparent as the fine blood of a thoroughbred horse." However, this young lady is so intoxicating that the typical Englishman loses his head and kisses her passionately on the second day of their acquaintance. She blushes, and her tawny eyes glitter, and her heart beats very fast; and she vows vengeance within herself, but otherwise gets over this insult with great calmness, although we have been assured that "there is in her none of the making of what we call a fast young lady," that though she is "teeming with coquetry . . . it is a coquettishment that is perfectly subordinate to good taste, and her instincts are all those which come from gentle breeding." "The thing of beauty" in her sayings and doings contradicts this assertion at every turn, and would manage to shock even a well-ruled mamma of the present day. She also makes the same mistake that so many of her contemporaries make in imagining vulgar, flippant, and pert remarks to be clever and amusing. She falls in love with the typical Englishman, and no one will be very much astonished at her old lover turning up at the very moment she is being proposed to by the new one. After this misunderstandings set in in every direction, but at last Val gets as tired of her flirtation as other people do; sends her unfavoured lovers away; tells the favoured one what she has done, and marries him. She is, however, not content to end her romance here, but gets jealous, runs away from her husband, and runs back to him again before she subsides into quiet, steady-going, married life. We are afraid it cannot be said of Mrs. Fraser's story that it is unlike life. In these days there are many girls like Val Egerton, but the mistake is making them into heroines for novels. It is mortifying to think that if any of the novels of the present day are in existence a century hence our great grandchildren may look back with scorn at their grandmothers' sayings and doings. Surely the majority of girls in our time are well worth knowing and studying, and are quite capable of being heroines in an interesting novel. They are, indeed, girls such as Mrs. Gaskell would have delighted in, and such as Miss Thackeray has constantly put before us—girls who can be clever without being manly, amusing without being pert, original without being vulgar, have flirtations and fun without overstepping the bounds of propriety. Though we must acknowledge the existence of such girls as Miss Broughton and her imitators write about, we would far rather hear as little about them as possible, and do without them altogether as heroines in novels.

MINOR NOTICES.

Them Boots. By William Gilbert. (Daldy, Isbister, and Co.)—The reader may always be sure, in taking up any book by Mr. William Gilbert, of getting something very clever and original, and will probably, when putting it down again, be inclined to wonder why so very clever and original a writer has not made a greater success. Mr. Gilbert, like the author who writes under the names of Matthew Brown and Henry Holbeach, can do a great many things well, and has a very large circle of admirers, but both have failed somehow or other to hit the taste of the great, big, stupid public, as Thackeray called it. When Mr. Gilbert published 'Shirley Hall' the book received the most enthusiastic praise from reviewers, and certainly deserved all the praise it got. The grim painful realism of the story was admirably sustained and very free from exaggeration; there was something of the power of Defoe apparent in it, but it failed to become popular, and there are few among the subscribers to Mudie's, we should imagine, who ask for 'Shirley Hall Asylum' now. To take another example of Mr. William Gilbert's versatile talent, 'King George's Middy' was certainly one of the best fantastic children's books of the day, but it perhaps overshot its mark by being too thoughtful, or too fantastic, or perhaps it was overshadowed by the appearance of the immortal Alice books, but it seems to have had the same result with children as 'Shirley Hall' with their fathers and mothers—it pleased the more thoughtful, and failed to hit the general public. What fate attends Mr. Gilbert's new book we cannot venture to predict. It might be roughly described as a "temperance" tract, and most works in favour of what is known as the "temperance" movement command a large audience, but then it is exceedingly clever, which very few works of the kind are, and this may tell against it. The story, whose name, and in some sense its *motif*, may remind its readers of Thackeray's 'Fatal Boots,' treats of the inhabitants of

an institution on the Surrey side of the Thames, established "for the reception, comfort, and reformation of the female ticket-of-leave convict." Thus it will be seen that Mr. Gilbert has made choice of a scene and of characters at once unfamiliar and unattractive to the readers of "the style of novels and tales now so much in fashion, representing almost exclusively the habits and manners of the so-called upper or genteeler classes." One of these ticket-of-leave women steals a pair of boots, "them boots," and comes to the belief that "them boots" are enchanted, and lead their wearer to drink and disgrace. The way in which this idea is heightened in the minds of the various other women is admirably done, and gives the little story a weirdly fantastic effect, without any direct appeal to the supernatural, worthy of any fantastic writer, from Hoffmann downwards; while the different characters, chiefly ticket-of-leave women, who figure in the story, are very powerful *genre* studies. As a work with a purpose, 'Them Boots' may not have much effect, but as a fresh and vigorous work of art it is deserving of high praise.

Anthologie de Quatrains. Anciens et Modernes. Recueillis par John Brunton. (Paris: Jouaust.)—When we speak of a *quatrain* we generally think of one verse of a poem written in verses of four lines each. But the *quatrain* proper is a verse-form by itself, almost as much as a *rondeau* or *rondel*. It is to be found in almost all literatures, which is but natural, as its simplicity and shortness are so readily adapted to epigram and the expression of delicate thoughts or playful fancy; but its especial home seems to be France, the nurse, if not the mother, of so many verse-forms. Hence the interest attaching to M. John Brunton's collection of *quatrains*—a collection almost worthy to stand by the side of the 'Livre des Ballades' and the 'Livre des Sonnets.' Merely regarded as a verse-form, the *quatrain* stands far down on the poetic list, when compared with *ballade* or sonnet; when the treasures it may contain are considered, it remains possessed of a very considerable poetic interest. In this "Anthologie" are to be found the names of most of the great French poets—Thibaut de Champagne, stars from the 'Pleiade;' Jean Passerat (delicate poet and keen satirist), poets of the *ruelle* and their contemporaries; Voltaire, master of the *quatrain*; André Chenier of last century, and Victor Hugo of this, courtly and kingly poets, and a crowd of others, famous or nameless, are represented here by one or more of these delicate, dainty verselets. Several hundred are in this volume, arranged in but little order, pretty much as they were collected—the book in this respect differs nobly from its elder brothers of *ballade* and sonnet—and may certainly be taken to form a very fair representative collection of French examples of this form of verse. The *quatrain* is a very airy verse-form; apparently easy, it requires genius to produce successfully, for its four lines must contain some pretty or witty thought, or stinging satire, and it is one of the very few forms that absolutely can only be used because its writer has something to say. Among the melancholy *quatrains* that might be set apart to form an *ἐπιτύμβια*, are to be found some of the best. Admirable is this, by Jean Passerat:—

S'il faut que maintenant en la fosse je tombe,
Qui ay toujours aimé la paix et le repos,
Afin que rien ne pèse à ma cendre et mes os,
Amis, de mauvais vers ne chargez pas ma tombe!

Another is given as by Ninon de Lenclos, about to die:—

Qu'un vain espoir ne vienne pas s'offrir
Qui puisse ébranler mon courage.
Je suis en âge de mourir:
Que ferais-je ici davantage?

Again, this, the last lines ever written by Alfred de Musset:—

Ma force à lutter s'use et se prodigue;
Jusqu'à mon repos, tout est un combat,
Et, comme un coursier brisé de fatigue,
Mon courage éteint chancelle et s'abat.

Each of these serve to show how characteristic the *quatrain* may be, however inspired. The name of every French poet is not to be found in this pleasant little volume, for every French poet did not write *quatrains*, but anyone who cares for poets or poetry may pass a very agreeable hour with those who did, thanks to the very praiseworthy efforts of the compiler.

MUSIC.

THE FIRST MONDAY POPULAR CONCERT.

What the Crystal Palace Concerts are to orchestral music, the Monday and Saturday Concerts are to the more modest branches of the art—the quartet, the sonata, the song. Their close in March marks the beginning of the musical interregnum, their opening in the dreary month of November the commencement of a more tuneful epoch. As to the unrivalled position of these concerts, not as regards London only but England, and, we may safely add, Europe, nothing need be said now. Several enterprises have been started of late years, with the laudable object of popularising the classical and modern masterpieces of chamber music. Herr Hermann Franke's concerts may be cited as an example. But none of these have attained a position at all equal to or even approaching the universal excellence of the Popular Concerts. As in former years, Mr. Chappell has engaged a brilliant array of artists for the forthcoming series. Amongst pianists, we meet with the names of Mlle. Anna Mehlig, Mr. Charles Hallé, Mlle. Marie Krebs, together with those comparatively less familiar names of Mme. Haas, Herr Ignaz Brüll, and others. In this department, however, a slight falling off, compared with former years, is observable. Mme. Schumann is not in the list, neither are Mme. Arabella Goddard, Dr. Hans von Bülow, or Mr. Edward Dannreuther. Whether arrangements for the appearance of all or any of these artists during the later part of the season have been made, we cannot tell. None of them should we willingly miss. Popular audiences also might have been grateful for a chance of hearing such pianists of European reputation as Herr Joseffi and M. Ketten. Amongst violinists engaged, it will suffice to mention Herr Strauss, Mme. Norman-Neruda, and Professor Joachim. To these we should have been glad to be able to add that of M. Edouard Remenyi, the Hungarian artist of whose all but phenomenal gifts we had an opportunity of speaking some time ago. During his stay in London last season, M. Remenyi's playing excited a perfect sensation in private circles, and experienced amateurs compared him to Paganini. But for some reason or other he appeared in public but once, and under such unfavourable circumstances as to preclude the possibility of a true idea of his power being formed. The acquisition of such an artist, we cannot but think, would be most valuable to Mr. Chappell. Signor Piatti will hold the post of first violoncello on all occasions except one, the appointments of second violin and viola having been filled in the usual manner. Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Santley, and other distinguished vocalists, will appear. Under such circumstances a successful and highly-attractive season may be predicted with certainty. In speaking of the educational value of these performances, the admirable analytical remarks added to the programmes ought not to be forgotten.

The scheme of the first concert, which took place on Monday, the 12th instant, did not comprise any important novelties. But as a happy illustration of the catholic, and yet strictly artistic, spirit in which these concerts are conducted, it deserves quotation in full:—

PART I.

QUARTET, in A Minor, Op. 41, No. 1, for two violins, Viola, and Violoncello . . . . *Schumann.*
Mme. NORMAN-NERUDA,
MM. L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI.

DUETS, {"Wenn ich auf dem Lager liege" / "Wohin ich geh'"} . *Mendelssohn.*
Mlles. FRIEDLÄNDER and REDEKER.

VARIATIONS, on a Theme in E Flat, Op. 35, for Pianoforte alone . . . . . *Beethoven.*
Mlle. ANNA MEHLIG.

PART II.

TRIO, in C Minor, Op. 66, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello . . . . . *Mendelssohn.*
Mlle. ANNA MEHLIG, Mme. NORMAN-NERUDA, and Signor PIATTI.

DUETS, { "Beim Scheiden im Garten" / "Lied der Vögel" } . . . *Rubinstein.*
Mlles. FRIEDLÄNDER and REDEKER.

QUARTET, in B Flat, Op. 55, No. 3, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello . . . . . *Haydn.*
Mme. NORMAN-NERUDA,
MM. L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI.

Of these works only the vocal duets by Rubinstein were, strictly speaking, new. The first is a sweetly sentimental ditty descriptive of the parting of two lovers, while the latter is full of the tuneful joy of feathered songsters. These strains are, indeed, to use Mr. Swinburne's words,

glad as birds are
That get sweet rain at noon,

and this feeling of joyousness was happily rendered by the two fair interpreters of the song. Haydn's Quartet in B Flat had only once before been heard at these concerts. It is full of freshness and grace; a century has not been able to lessen its charm, and after another hundred years it will still live and speak of the ever-young genius of its composer. The execution of all the pieces in the programme was worthy of the artists engaged.

DRAMA.

HORACE WIGAN'S BENEFIT.

Benefits are not, as a rule, the liveliest kind of entertainments, but Mr. Horace Wigan's benefit was on the whole exceptionally good. Mr. Horace Wigan, as an old and tried actor, certainly deserves well both of the public and from his brother actors, and the performances on Thursday afternoon ought not to have proved, and, to judge from his speech to the audience, did not prove, a disappointment to him. The performances were of necessity of a very varied character. First came the first act of Mr. Burnand's clumsy adaptation of *Les Crotchets d'un Gendre*, now running at the Strand. Mr. Hermann Vezin gave an admirable recitation of Edgar Allan Poe's "Raven," the special merit of which lay in the delicate attainment of the pathetic touches, and the absence of all exaggeration or straining after undue effect. Mr. Phelps acted Wolsey, in the third act of *Henry VIII.*, in a manner almost recalling the successes of his early years. Miss Eastlake and Miss Fanny Josephs were as fresh and vivacious, in the first act of the *Pink Dominos*, as if that much-abused amusing play had not run some hundred nights. Mr. Harold Kyrle, whose Belvawney is one of the cleverest humorous studies now on the London stage, Miss Marion Terry and Mr. George Honey—who, by the way, is overdoing his part—made the first, and best, act of *Engaged* seem much brighter and cleverer than it appears when taken in connexion with the two successive acts. The *Beggar's Opera*, which promised to be the chief attraction of what the manager, in a final apologetic speech, was pleased to call the "dish" of fare, lost much by being curtailed of one-half its fair proportions, and was chiefly servicable so far as it helped to point the moral of the mistake in attempting too much at a benefit, which, like every other human concern, must come to an end some time. It would certainly be of more service to dramatic art to see one play acted as if we possessed a national theatre than to have fragments of many plays presented in rapid succession for four hours and a-half.

VARIORUM NOTES.

An amusing story is circulating in Paris among the English residents to the effect that Marshal MacMahon has spent, in what the Americans would call his presidential campaign, all his own money, as well as the money of the Maréchale, and has been compelled to borrow other sums of usurers at interest which he is unable to repay, that none of his friends will lend him any more money, and that he is in hourly danger of the fate of Theodore, King of Corsica, whom Smollett's hero meets in a debtor's prison.

The one solitary link that still connected man in his pride with his primæval simplicity in pre-Adamite ages has been broken. Pongo is no more. He died quite suddenly at Berlin on Tuesday morning last, at the premature age of two years and ten days and a-half. His death was all the more unexpected as his visit to England had greatly improved his health, and it was thought that he had become quite Europeanised. The cause of his decease is as yet unknown, but will be ascertained at the inquest which will be held at the Anatomical Museum.

At the announcement of the recent death of the Princess Borghese, Pius the Ninth was deeply moved. "She was younger than I am," he said, smiling sadly. He was afterwards told of the death of Field-Marshal Wrangel at the age of ninety-four. The Pope's countenance brightened; his smile lost its sadness. He began to count on his fingers, "Hm—88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94—seven years left." We sincerely hope so.

The Pope, in spite of his bad health, still insists on giving occasional audiences, much against the wishes of those by whom he is surrounded, who think the effort taxes his little remaining strength too much.

The *République des Lettres*, the bright, clever, little organ of young France, which made its first appearance in Paris some two years ago, has come to an end. M. Catulle Mendes, one of the cleverest of the younger contemporary French poets, was its editor, and on its staff were numbered all the prominent writers of the particular school which the journal represented, including MM. Gustave Flaubert, Leconte de Lisle, François Coppé, Emile Zola, and Stephan Mallarmé. M. Emile Zola's novel, 'L'Assommoir,' which so much offended Mr. Swinburne, appeared in its pages, but its great success did not apparently communicate itself to the magazine, which will perhaps be even more missed on this side of the Channel, where it had a large circle of readers, than in Paris itself.

The *New Quarterly Magazine* will, in April, be published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, and will be edited by Mr. Francis Hueffer, when the scope of the magazine will be considerably altered. The management of the *New Quarterly* by Mr. Hueffer, promises for it brightness and interest as well as a thoughtful and cultured standard of literary excellence.

The apprehension, entertained some time ago, that the newly-founded University of Strassburg might lack the proper number of students, and even of professors, owing to the tension of Alsatian feeling, has certainly not been confirmed by facts. The attendance at that University is rapidly rising in an extraordinary degree; so much so that the neighbouring Heidelberg, in spite of its ancient renown in the world of learning and the superior attractions of its scenery, has suffered largely from the migration across the Rhine. The Baden Government is doing all in its power to stay the threatening exodus by means of the creation of new chairs and institutions connected with the University. At Strassburg, Goethe and Herder studied in the last century, German feeling being then still strong in Alsace; and now, the whirligig of time has once more brought round a large influx of students whose presence, together with the considerable body of professors from the Fatherland, will, no doubt, largely aid in the re-Germanisation of the town.

At the recent general meeting of Women's Associations of Germany, held at Hanover, there was an extraordinarily large attendance of representatives of the various branch societies.

The chair was taken by Mrs. Otto-Peters, of Leipzig. Among the most prominent speakers were Miss Lindhorn, of Bremen; Miss Calm, of Cassel; Miss Assmann, of Hanover; Mrs. Lina Morgenstern and Miss Tiburtius, M.D., of Berlin; Mrs. Goldschmidt and Miss Augusta Schmidt, of Leipzig; Dr. (Mrs.) Hirschfeld-Tiburtius; Miss Fischer, of Frankfort; Miss Mirus and Mrs. Schläger, of Hamburg; Mrs. Kestner, of Alfeld (known under her literary name as Anny Albert); Miss Wilburg, of Schwerin, and several other ladies distinguished in connection with the movement. From Boston (Mass.), had come Mrs. Chenney. Senator Schläger and Dr. Waldemar Meyer also were among the speakers. The "German Women's Association" was founded at Leipzig on October 18, 1865, on the anniversary of the great battle which overthrew the power of Napoleon I. Branch unions exist now all over the North and South. The opening up of avocations; the better instruction and higher education of the female sex; and the removal of various restrictions in civil law, are among the aims and objects of the association. Its branch leagues further occupy themselves with the establishment of industrial schools, where girls of the popular classes are systematically trained for their duties as housewives; with the foundation of cheap people's kitchens; the providing of places for the servant class, and so forth. A great deal of practical good has already been done in this way. A Technical Girls' School at Cassel, where pattern-drawing, dress-making, and other hand-work is combined with the teaching of German, English, and French, of history, literature, mercantile knowledge, &c., has already 365 pupils. The School for the Further Instruction of Girls, at Frankfort, established a year ago, counts upwards of 400 subscribing members. At Berlin, the town-authorities have offered the Women's Association a room in the Town's Hall for their deliberations. Last year, the branch union there gave aid to 500 families in food, fuel, and clothing. At the Hanover meeting, great stress was laid on the desirability of cultivating among women the feelings of patriotism and of interest in the public weal.

The meaning of the words "German" and "Alaman," or "Allemann"—from which the French designation "Allemand," and the older English and Shaksperian "Almain" comes—has been long a bone of contention among Teutonic etymologists. M. Friedrich Ludwig Baumann, in a valuable monograph on Swabians and Alamanns, has now made it highly probable that these two Germanic tribes were originally identical, and that the Alamanns were simply the Semnones—that is, the chief Swabian tribe, who had pushed forward in a western direction. In accordance with this thesis, Alahmanna would mean the men of the "alah," or sacred grove. Tacitus states that the most renowned German grove, where dread sacrifices took place—probably in honour of Tiu, the Teutonic God of War, from whom our Tuesday bears its name—was situated in the land of the Semnones. The Alamannic tribe includes, as regards the dialect speech still current, the majority of the Alsatians and the German-Swiss, as well as the people of the Black Forest on the right bank of the Rhine; to which M. Baumann adds Swabians in general.

A book is being published in New York, entitled 'Isis Unveiled,' by a Madame H. P. Blatavatsky, which is thus announced:—"The author enters the field well equipped. A native of Asia—her childhood passed among the Calmucks, Tartars, Persians, and other Eastern peoples; her maturity among Hindus, Cingalese, Thibetans, and Egyptians—Oriental traditions, languages, literature, and mythology have long been her chief study and occupation. The immense fund of information stored up during years of thoughtful study and observant travel in all lands, enables her to throw more light upon the esoteric philosophy of Eastern nations than perhaps any other writer who has contributed to the literature of this important subject. The work is divided into two volumes—one devoted to Science, one to Religion. The author is most careful in stating facts and opinions, always presenting quotations of undeniable authenticity. Numerous translated extracts from the Kabala, the Hermes, the Vedas, &c., are interspersed through the work, bearing at times upon themes treated by high authorities, whom she is often obliged to criticise. Among the subjects dilated upon, the review of Platonism, the discussion of the Genesis of Humanity, the Submerged Continents, the conflicting theories upon the Emigrations of Peoples, the relation of Myths of India, Persia, Scandinavia, Mexico, Peru, and other nations to modern science and dogma, may be mentioned, to give a faint idea of the scope of the work. Startling revelations respecting many physical and psychological phenomena, heretofore wrapped in mystery and doubt, frequently occur, at once instructing and amusing the reader." This must certainly be a remarkable book, and one that will doubtless strike terror to the souls of our philosophers.

One of the few really clever clowns that this generation has seen has just died in New York. The name of George L. Fox was always sufficient to draw crowded houses to any pantomime in New York in which he appeared. There was nothing vulgar in his acting, and he never relied on mean buffoonery for his effects. His face was often a perfect study for the variety of expression which passed over it in an instant. A look of the blankest stupidity was followed by a suggestion of the faintest dawn of reason which grew into perception, then into intelligent suspicion, then told of a rapid guess, then relapsed into momentary doubt, then recovered the track of the idea again, then pursued the problem to complete solution, and lighted up with a final full beam of triumph, all this being accomplished almost in a breath in a manner that no one who ever saw it could forget. His end was as melancholy as Hans Christian himself could have pictured for a clown. His brain received a severe injury from an accident, and softened, and he died a lunatic.

The old story of the prisoner who, on being asked where he lived, replied that he lived nowhere, but starved towards Wapping, or thereabouts, has been quite eclipsed by a police case of this week, in which the prisoner, to the same question, replied, "I don't live much—I linger," an answer of a decidedly poetic and philosophic nature for one who was fined half-a-crown for being drunk and incapable.

Those who may be anxious to know more of the honourable member of the Mountain for Dungarvan will find a good deal of information of various kinds in a work by Mr. F. Hugh O'Donnell, published by Messrs. Longmans in 1870, and entitled 'Mixed Education in Ireland.' To begin with, they may learn Mr. O'Donnell's exact age, for in the preface to this book he says, "As I write these lines, I remember I shall be twenty-three to-morrow," which makes the young St. Just of the Irish Mountain just thirty years of age. Mr. O'Donnell's book was scarcely calculated for popularity, for it is written in much the same spirit in which he has recently made himself prominent in politics, but it is interesting as the exposition of the Irish Educational question, as seen in Queen's College, from a hostile point of view, and it has the merit of being amusing.

There is a certain bridge in the county of Middlesex, not very many miles from London, which bears an iron placard with an inscription warning all persons that anyone injuring any part of the bridge will be liable to "penal servitude for life." This is doubtless intended as a sort of moral scarecrow to frighten the yokels with, but the days for these clumsy parochial practical jokes have passed away. The humorous passer-by, who wrote scoffingly under the words threatening penal servitude for life, "This is a slight delusion," evidently had no great fear of spending the remainder of his days at Dartmoor for so doing.

In consequence of the temporary absence of Mr. Henry Neville and the serious illness of Mrs. Seymour, two changes were made in the cast of the *Moonstone*, on Monday night, Mr. Forbes Roberton taking the part of Franklin Blake, and Miss Gerard that of Miss Clack. Mr. Forbes Robertson acted the hero with ease and accuracy; while Miss Gerard made a decided hit as the talkative, philanthropic old maid, who, in her hands was lively and amusing without exaggeration.

Miss Camille Dubois' name was on the list of those to take part in Mr. Horace Wigan's benefit, on Thursday, but Miss

Dubois did not act, as she left England on Tuesday for Melbourne with her husband, the Hon. Wyndham Stanhope. Her appearance at the Strand on Saturday last is said to have been her last on the stage.

'The Gossips' Bowl' is the title of the Christmas Number of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*. Miss Braddon writes the leading story, entitled "Thou Art the Man." The illustrations will include a colour-printed double-page supplement, from a painting by J. T. Lucas, entitled "Chips of the Old Block," and engravings after works (specially provided for this number), by P. R. Morris, Walter Ouless, Fred Barnard, George Holmes, John Sturgess, and other artists.

Brockhaus has published the second part of the late Professor Hermann Grassmann's metrical translation of the Rig-Veda.

Ruskin's works, so difficult to obtain here, whether in or out of print, are being published in New York. The wonder is that they have not all been published before.

Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M.P.'s 'New Ireland' will be published in the United States by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott and Co., of Philadelphia.

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